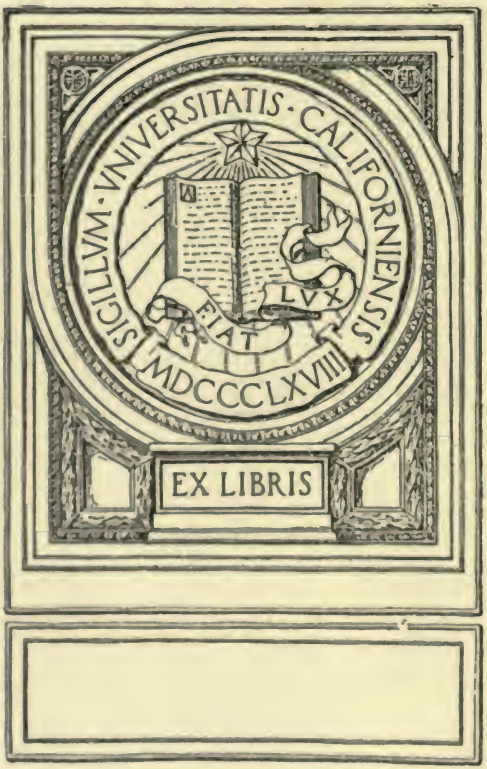
A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Some Roads to Peace

HARRIOT STANTON BLATCH


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
FIAT LVX
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/womanspointofvie00blatrich

A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

SOME ROADS TO PEACE

BY

HARRIOT STANTON BLATCH

AUTHOR OF "MOBILIZING WOMAN POWER"

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK
THE WOMANS PRESS
1920

D653
B6

Copyright, 1920, by
National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations
of the United States of America

C. E. P.

TO

THE MOTHERS OF EVERY NATION OF THE WORLD

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

470146

PREFACE

Late in the armistice The Womans Press asked me to write a book on the constructive outcomes of the Great War. The enterprise seemed to me to promise only success. During four years the idealists had been waging war to end war, and had had visions of a new world rising from the wreckage of the old. Humanity was promised a rebirth when peace should again spread over the earth its sheltering wings.

When I sailed to Europe to gather material for the book, I was full of confidence that I should find the roots if not the leafage of strong growths of sound constructive policies. The lessons of the war, we had been led to expect, had been taken to heart and had borne fruit. As a reflex of war needs we supposed there would have developed in civil life greater attention to sanitation, greater generosity towards education, greater hospitality towards all efforts making for the salvage of the race, and above all, a larger spirit of justice and fellowship. In short, I had been bitten with the propaganda of the war idealists, and went forth an optimist on a voyage

of discovery. I was not a foolish optimist, expecting to see no sorrows and hardships, but amid the ruin I felt certain had been planted promises of future good.

My book is finished. I have tried to make it exact, tried to avoid all exaggeration. Throughout my five months abroad I made a point of writing my notes immediately after I had witnessed an incident, lived through an experience, interviewed a person. Not once did I allow anything to fall back into my memory unrecorded for even a few hours. Facts were put down exactly as they existed for me, the emotions recorded; the conclusions drawn were those that arose on the spot. What I have written rests entirely upon the fresh impressions of the notes recorded hour by hour. When I refer, for example, to a reign of disorder and filth, I do not speak from a vague, general impression of dirt, but from a well-founded conclusion based on many recorded experiences. Nor have I exaggerated the evil. My natural optimism has acted as a deterrent; my infinite love of Europe, especially of England, has been a check.

Circumstance honestly faced has changed a book, which was to have shown constructive results of the Great War, into a contribution of a volume to the

library against all war. And let me add, it is the reflection of the minds of the women of Europe—a fact which augurs, it seems to me, that peace will come when the influence of women is fully effective. Women shook my optimism, and experience forced me to disbelieve in the possibility of good coming from conflict.

I went abroad to seek out constructive outcomes of the war. I found none. There were no new ideas, and lack of money stood in the way of carrying out old ones. But on every hand I did see argument against war. What I saw, I give. The book is pessimistic because I have thought it my duty to be honest. I have refused, on the one hand, to gloss things over; on the other, to be lurid. I have set down the shadows, but have not deepened them. The signs of reckless extravagance, the reluctance of the people to work which I note, are habits no less dangerous because common and inveighed against in speeches in parliaments by such leaders as Lloyd George and Clemenceau. My pessimism I felt had sound support, when to my query, "Are you blue?" Mrs. Sidney Webb replied quickly: "No, black. Russia has already gone over the precipice and is rent by civil strife. If we are not careful, Germany will go; and then nothing can save Italy, Spain,

France. England may escape barbarism, but all our plant is deteriorated, our raw materials gone, and our debt enormous. Can we bear up under the conditions? We can only hope so."

As it seemed to me that there were sources of evil feeding the spirit of conflict, for example, a perverted psychology, a false education for the young, and a suppression of the protective powers in humanity,—all of which I deal with in the second part of this volume under the general heading, "At the Root of the Conflict,"—so in the final part, "The Will to Heal," I suggest four great roads which may lead to peace and the saving of our civilization, namely, recognition of the power of thought and conversion to the sacredness of its use, a changing position in labor forces, a freeing of the sheltering spirit of women, and above all a reform of education.

I have had since my return home the illuminating experience of meeting many audiences in America and testing their desire to hear the truth. All satisfaction in superficial optimism seems to have passed. The people are demanding the exact facts, and their strongest feeling seems to be one of resentment that they have been furnished in the past with half truths, if not untruths, upon which to form their judgments.

It may seem to some of my readers that the sections dealing with the faults and merits of European schools command too large a portion of the book. In defense of this seeming lack of balance, I urge that as a believer in the overwhelming formative influence of environment in individual and racial development, education even in its minutest detail rises for me to a plane of transcendent importance. Holding as I do, for example, that opening up free avenues for the expression of the play spirit of youth makes for righteousness, that the teaching of the multiplication table by a wrong method befogs the mind and at a time of crisis when clear thinking is essential, it is obvious that for me there could not be laid too heavy a stress on the education of youth in a book suggesting roads to peace. In the school is fixed the direction of life's highways, and, therefore, the school plays the largest part in my suggestions as to how to reach the given goal.

Without involving anyone in responsibility for my opinions, I wish to thank especially for the valuable aid in opening doors to me to fruitful fields of investigation and giving me much valuable time in discussing the European situation, Miss Eleanor F. Rathbone, member of the City Council of Liverpool, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mrs. Millicent Fawcett,

Dr. Marion Phillips of the Women's Labor League, Miss Margaret Llewelyn Davies of the Women's Co-operative Guild, Miss Isabella Ford, Miss Riborg Fagelund of the National Service of the National Union of Women Suffrage Organizations, Miss Margaret G. Bondfield, Organizing Secretary of the National Federation of Women Workers, Mrs. George Edwards of the Hampstead Council of Social Welfare, Miss Meriel Talbot of the Land Army, Mrs. Marjory Pease of the Limpsfield District Council. On the Continent I am indebted for substantial help to Mme. Schievonia of Rome, Mlle. Goblet d'Alviella of Brussels, and to Dr. Aletta Jacobs of Amsterdam. In France I must mention for unremitting helpfulness, my brother, Theodore Stanton, and must thank for suggestive interviews and valuable introductions, Mlle. Marguerite Bourat, the factory inspector, Mme. Marthe Bigot, Mme. Maria Verone, the jurist, and Mme. Chocarne. To Miss Taylor, then head of the Young Women's Christian Association's work in France, I owe the privilege of attending conferences where I heard every aspect of social and industrial life discussed by such women as Mme. de Witt-Schlumberger, Mme. Pichon-Landry, Mme. Brunschvieg, chairman of the industrial section of the French Council of

Women, Mme. Duchêne, authority on home work and head of cooperative stores for women's home industries, and among industrial workers these conferences brought me in contact with the trade-union world through such active members as Mlle. Lepaigneul, Secretary of the Syndicat des Modistes, Mlle. Emery, of the Syndicat de l'Habillement, Mlle. Vos, Mlle. Bouillot, and Mlle. Bouvier.

The educational departments of both France and England were so courteous in throwing open the schools to me that my sincerest thanks are due to them. And for opportunity to visit great engineering works under sympathetic and intelligent guidance, I wish to express special gratitude to Mr. C. G. Renold of the Hans Renold works at Manchester, and Mr. Frederick J. Parsons of the Thompson-Houston works of Paris.

In getting the point of view of Germany and facts as to the situation in that country I am indebted in the main to Dr. Anita Augspurg and Fräulein Lida Gustave Heymann of Munich, Dr. Helene Stöcker of Berlin, head of the Mutterschutz movement, Frau Kulka of Vienna, and to Rector Müller and Frau Professor Dr. Heidsieck of Coblenz.

HARRIOT STANTON BLATCH.

March, 1920.

CONTENTS

PART ONE—A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

I. War's toll in heart and mind . . . 17
II. The physical ruin 27
III. Some reactions of war 33
IV. War and woman's ward 41
V. War's harvest of hate 51
VI. Two constructive outcomes of the war . 57

PART TWO—AT THE ROOT OF THE CONFLICT

I. Causes of the cataclysm 63
II. Why the Germans were so . . . 71
III. The hotbed of national isolation . . 87
IV. Nourishment for British chauvinism . . 97

PART THREE—THE WILL TO HEAL

I. As the world thinketh in its heart . . 107
II. The school of to-morrow a road to peace . 113
III. Labor's road to peace 139
IV. Freeing the protective instinct . . . 162

PART ONE

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

I

WAR'S TOLL IN HEART AND MIND

The constructive contribution of the Great War in the eyes of a woman must be the lesson of war's futility. The greatest argument against war is the Europe of to-day, in disrepair if not devastated, with progress arrested if not destroyed, staggering under taxation if not bankrupt, underfed if not starved, morally broken if not in lawless barbarism.

The new world that was to spring from the inspiring ideals for which humanity was supposed to have waged the Great War is forgotten. Europe, with eyes of infinite sadness, negates the expectation. War-spent Europe is war-spent in heart and mind. She is not thinking new thoughts, nor forwarding old ones with driving energy. If many of the seeds of reform planted before the war are not left unwatered to die, that is the most weary humanity can hope for.

Nothing does Europe need more than a fresh and vigorous new population, but her children are still

meeting undernourishment. Here would seem to be appeal as by a trumpet blast to national self-interest. If the nation is to hold its own then the young generation must have vigor. Europe is intellectually aware of the situation, but it is emotionally stunned and responds to stimuli in but a dull way. No new and startling reform is demanded; the salvaging of child life by clinic and milk station, by school meal and district nurse, was in a measure achieved before the year 1914. Wholesale devotion of wealth to destruction through years has but curtailed such endeavors, and peace has not broken the bonds of unwise economy. War bent men to its purposes; now men will bend peace to their desires. Self-indulgence takes the place of discipline. The Zeppelin, says London, hangs above us no longer; let us light our lamps, and be merry. In the restaurants wine is seen at every table and men quaff champagne as they inveigh against a higher school rate. Instead of giving all children the needed portion of milk during the morning school hours, the local wiseacres in England, for instance, examine and question and consider whether this child has fallen low enough to get the portion allowed free, and whether that one may not hold out a little longer without aid. Meantime, women revel in extravagant dress as never before, tilt themselves

on high heels, and men, in their parliaments, vote huge sums for the upkeep of warships.*

The centers for community care of mother and baby and the trained health visitor still exist, but they are not one whit less grudgingly supported than in pre-war days. It is common knowledge that the children are nervously spent, it is common knowledge that each population needs new foundations laid, but effort tends to volubility rather than achievement. War has trained the world to a lurid and somewhat unscrupulous use of propaganda. Even government reports seem to hide facts from all but the most careful reader. In discussing health visitors one public document tells the inquirer that half the County Councils of England and Wales appoint only whole-time health visitors, but by comparing table with table it is ascertained that only 430 of these officers are employed and of these 355 are giving part-time service. Talk makes the people think the weighing of the baby, the confinement allowance to the mother, are general and adequate, while the fact is that all such work, ceasing to grow

* This statement could now (March, 1920) be carried much farther. There has not been a proposal on the part of any government to return to the pre-war standard of army and navy expenditures. There are many indications that the standing army of even the United States is to be greatly increased.

during the years of ravage, is most limited and is supported in miserly fashion. In speaking of that very interesting venture, the open-air and camp school started some years ago in the crowded district of Deptford, one of its backers said: "The year 1914 was a dark one for all social workers. Gifts and subscriptions dried up suddenly." Needed economy compelled curtailment of the work.

War is a destroyer worse than pestilence. It not only kills the human being by wound and disease, but it seizes the well and strong, and putting half of them at direct destruction, shuts the other half in workshop and factory to fashion the implements used by the destroyers. Having built nothing useful, having repaired nothing since 1914, the world finds itself short of shelter and food and clothes. In the towns the visitor notes the unpainted doors and window frames, the unpointed brickwork, the broken panes of glass held in place by patches of paper. In the country one remarks the dilapidation of cottage and villa, the untrimmed hedge, the untilled field. Europe talks of schemes of rehabilitation. The housing plans are drawn on generous lines, but poverty stretches out a detaining hand. It is not unsuggestive that the British schemes laid before parliament do not try to dislodge prejudices. Every-

one knows, having suffered from the condition, that cold is one of the most depleting of ills for the human creature, everyone knows that the world is short of coal, and yet coal-saving methods of heating are ignored in the new building proposals. I visited exhibitions of plans for housing, and centers where "model dwellings" had been put up, but found no practical attempt to solve the problem of central heating. The extravagances of the old generation are not to be supplanted by wise economies in the new. Human nature has not the courage to venture out of old grooves. It is easy to think and to act in the same old way. The new world of promise threatens to be the old world in fulfilment.

Whole populations have learned the appalling lesson that toil may end in poverty. Barbarism gives that lesson, slavery gives it with dire reactions on the individual. Learned tomes have developed the thesis that the worst side of slavery is that it trains humanity to irresponsibility, laziness, lack of initiative. Well, peoples put forth intense and prolonged effort from 1914 to 1919 only to find themselves in the end with food, clothes, shelter at a premium and taxes resting as a heavy yoke upon their necks. Labor ends in destitution; that is what war has proclaimed to Europe's populations. Work has not

meant accumulation, has not meant riches to spend in leisure and joy. Toil more exacting than human beings have ever had, toil more continuous than humanity has ever submitted to, ends not in promise and beauty but in bitter realities and ugliness. And to the workers, raw under the disillusionment, statesmen say: "Work harder, faster than ever before, or our commerce will die, our civilization be lost. Work."

The reaction is the same in France, in Germany, in Great Britain, the same everywhere; the fruits of toil having been denied, toil itself has no attraction. Unemployment rests in determination not to work.* Why work when the return is gall and bitterness? Work calls for initiative, and in war time, obedience, not initiative, is required of the mass of men. Men must not think, must not originate; they must forget and follow. The soldier demobilized does not lay off his military training with his uniform. He

* Upon demobilization and the cessation of munition work the European belligerents began paying unemployment allowances. Authorities say that by July, 1919, some 15,000,000 families were dependent upon these benefits. The socialist and labor parties objected from the first to such allowance scheme, urging that public works be started to give employment to those suddenly deprived of their means of livelihood. But governments feared the appearance of socialistic methods more than the certainty of social demoralization.

was trained to be willing to risk his life to perform a difficult and horrible task, to efface his will, to submit himself to discipline. The task accomplished, he is expected by thoughtless leaders to take up his civil work with the old-time push and enthusiasm. A vain hope. He is a different man. Snap has turned to mere touchiness. His finger finds the trigger quickly. He was trained to kill, trained to defend the flag. He argues that an offense to him is an offense to his country. In short, he is lawless as well as slothful.

And those who worked at white heat to supply the army with gun and shell are not unlike the soldier. They worked under abnormal pressure. Patriotism lashed their muscles, they obeyed, they abandoned trade-union agreements, and made heavy sacrifice to fight for a new world. Their effort ends with less to eat, less comfort and less freedom than in the sordid old world. Why work? In Germany the returned soldiers refuse employment, in Great Britain idleness is seen in all ranks, and France keeps her armies largely mobilized to prevent them from joining the discontented. Work which brings nothing but debt and disaster instills, just as certainly as slavery, its lessons of irresponsibility, of dishonesty, of lack of initiative.

But perhaps the most soul-killing reaction of war is the denial of the right to think and to express thought freely. A nation desiring to put forth its whole effort to meet its enemy with brute force, cannot and will not tolerate any weak links in its armor. It fights to win and must force itself into a fury of fear, of determination, of concentration. It exaggerates its danger, for that puts drive into effort and shortens the days of the combat. It cannot argue. Argument implies doubt, and doubt confuses the issue. The nation has an enemy, it buckles on its armor for a fight, there being no international way to assuage our animosities by argument. A nation cannot parley with its foe, and it will not parley with its friends. The nation becomes a car of Juggernaut to crush free speech. The nation is centering on one idea, war. War precludes peace. Peace develops liberty, freedom, the right to think; war destroys the habits. Through fear of contempt, ostracism, police surveillance, imprisonment, persons take on what is called in industry, "repetitive processes," they repeat phrases, imitate jingles of words. They cease to think, they prattle. War cannot tolerate freedom of opinion. A people at war must act as a unit, think as a unit. The minds of men are forced into a groove; they invent, they sing,

they argue, they philosophize to the one end,—war. To die in war is not so great a tragedy as to live for it. War sears the heart and mind of the world.

In one of the branches of the Thompson-Houston engineering works in Paris, I visited the division set apart for employees who had lost their sight at the front. Over the department was an officer who had been formerly one of the leading engineers of the company. He came each day to advise about the work of his brothers in darkness. He had lost his sight at the very end of the war, was still under treatment, and was attended by a nurse. The employees were all among the most skilled, in happier days. They worked now at simple processes, and the head engineer had suggested checks and guards making the work safe and possible. They did not speak at their work. It seemed as if they scarcely breathed. Nearly all sat with head thrown back, looking up towards heaven. But pray as they might, their future was unalterable. Perhaps it was that thought which led my guide, who had himself served throughout the war, but had escaped unscathed, to say with an emphasis I had not heard before and did not hear again from any man: "We must find a way out. The nations must unite to save men in the future from all this."

Not a man who had seen the actualities of the battle front—not even among the American soldiers whose experience had been so short—not a man did I meet but declared he would himself never go to war again. Many talked wildly of what they would do to escape, if another call came in their time. They would change their names and hide, they would do this or that, and if driven to the wall and forced to make choice they would choose suicide. And yet to the suggestion that war might be ended, that nations could find another way to settle difficulties, came the invariable response from the young and virile, "Oh, no, the world can't escape war." The worst heritage of war is its grip on the male mind of its inevitability, a grip that will never be loosened until the diametrically opposed conviction of the mothers of the race has full and free outlet.

II

THE PHYSICAL RUIN

On a fateful day in August, 1914, the peoples of Europe stopped supplying their wants, their needs. They ceased to create life-building things. This sudden arrest of constructive effort was typified in a quiet street in Paris. There in rue Raynouard workmen were raising a stone to the second story of a building. Bound with chains, it hung ready to be swung into position. The order of mobilization came. Through the years of the war that great stone hung poised. No human hand touched it. Day by day it told its story of useful work abandoned.

As one passes from the battle-swept region of Belgium or France on into the untouched countryside of Germany, one cannot help the feeling of bitterness that follows the first impression that to the land of the foe no harm has come. But soon the hard facts make themselves known. Disrepair is evident on every hand. Roads are gullied, automobiles run

on tires of iron, the wheels of the railway carriages are worn flat, upholstery hangs in ribbons, clothes are of shoddy or paper, shoes of Ersatz leather with soles of wood. Here is a land of poverty and unemployment. The tall, smokeless chimneys of manufacturing plants seem to rise like arresting fingers, giving warning, "Take note, they are dead."*

Under the moral ruin of the world, as if nourishing it at its roots, lies the physical ruin. The devastated regions of Europe must be seen to be comprehended. No photograph, no description, can convey a realization of the actuality. As I stood one night in Rheims I thought of the buried walls of Pompeii, and felt the more tragic appeal of the northern city. The human heart could not escape the poignancy of either, but in the one case blame of one's own kind could be escaped; in the other the tragedy was added to by the thought that humanity did this, the catastrophe could have been averted. Ruin, utter ruin, and human beings responsible! No stab could go

* My observation of the wreck of Germany has at last been unqualifiedly confirmed. The propaganda poured out by the press of the allied peoples throughout 1919 to the effect that Germany was "booming" has proved to be false. There are no "strong and prosperous" enemy peoples to whose shoulders the financial burdens of the world can be shifted. The governments of all countries except of France have abandoned the illusion.

deeper than that. In the silent streets I stood noting the glint of the moonlight on the tracks where the crowded, busy trolleys ran in happy days. Disused, they spoke of people absent, scattered over the face of the earth. Looking across block upon block of crumbled walls, I could see a tiny light shining in some cellar, or up under a roof, which by miracle had escaped shot and shell. A light gleaming in the vast dead heap of ruin, told of a refugee come home again. Eleven thousand returned the week before my visit and ferreted out in this wilderness of desolation some small spot to call their own.

Let me turn back and quote my notes made on the unforgetable day when I left Paris for Rheims:

April 6, 1919. Started by army motor from Paris, 8 a.m., Sunday. Glorious sunshine. In the city of Paris signs here and there of air raids. Along our route we passed through village after village a heap of débris, but always a little life, usually a woman has made a nest for her fledgling in a shed or hayloft. Here and there a cat, a dog, two or three chickens, ducks. See very few cows, not more than a dozen the whole way from Paris to Rheims. Saw four oxen. In all perhaps fifty horses on the land ploughing, harrowing. No traction ploughs. Much land untilled.

Most of the way ran along the Marne and near the main railroad. This country was not occupied by the Germans, nor fought over in battle after battle, but it was under fire; so though its houses are destroyed, its fields are not ripped up with trenches and devastated. Almost all trees stand intact. Near Rheims to the south and west we saw belt after belt of trenches fitted strategically into the contour of the hills, prepared if the allies had had to retreat.

More vivid than the picture of the villages crumbled to dust, more keen than the sorrow of Rheims destroyed, is the appeal to me of the outrage on the fields and forests, on the hedgerows and orchards,—of the indignity to nature herself. To the horizon north of Rheims stretch the battlefields. Trees are wrenched off and splintered here, and there they stand straight and whole, but dead and leafless, the bark peppered by shot until the trunk was ringed and life gone. Trench after trench rolled up with its white line of subsoil marking the place of combat. It repeated the alkali plains of the West and told of sterility. The bosom of mother earth lay gashed by her sons.

As we approached the city, suddenly as we came on the crown of a hill, Rheims—seemingly intact—crowned with the beautiful towers of the cathedral, stood out with the afternoon sun upon it. The colors of the houses blazed out, but no glittering windowpanes dazzled the

eye. The colors were mellow like a Turner. Very strange atmospheric effect. I think from the ruins rises an impalpable dust, the result of a breeze playing over heaps of broken plaster. Just as my suitcase in my room was white with dust in the morning, so the air is full of this powder ready to reflect the light for those who have eyes to see.

We drew nearer and nearer to the glory, and then in a moment the picture changed. Oh, the pity of it, oh, the folly! Street after street of ruin, fallen roofs and walls littering the sidewalks, and jutting out into the gutter. Here and there curtains still hung at broken windows, bent iron beds, children's beds, topped a heap of stone and plaster.

And at last we got to the heart of the matter, and stood gazing at the glory of the cathedral. Oh, the wickedness of treating it so unthinkingly! A treasure, not to be replaced, scarred and broken and hurled down. At its feet rough booths draped in red, with peddlers haggling one against the other, offer cheap pictures of the great monument in its agony.

In that city of the dead, in its vast ruin, people secrete themselves. They have been coming back, coming "home." I saw parties of them,—always a mother with young children, sometimes a man, an old man, never a young one. As this child carried by its mother is put down to walk, it bursts into tears. It is too weary to

take a step. And in that group is a dog. A child carries it. Weary, the child puts it down. The dog takes a few steps, sits down and whines. A younger child lifts it up and carries it, its hind legs dangling to the ground. The world is weary. We have worn out the very animals.

And here comes another group. It is twilight now. The girl of fifteen, a winsome face, steps in front of the hotel on the sidewalk and asks, "Where is rue ——?" How can one find it in the wilderness of ruin, with landmarks gone! I tell her I am a stranger, and suggest the landlord as a safe source of information, and we go to the door to seek him. The people are trekking in France in 1919.

And the women seem to accept it all as their lot. Patience, a patience that maddens you, is written in their faces. No uniforms, no flags, no music, no honors for them. For them there is only the hush of the tread of the feet of women and children "going home" in the days after the War.

III

SOME REACTIONS OF WAR

The tone of life in Europe is lowered, vulgarized. In the park near the station at Rheims I saw a soldier with two civilians all under the effect of alcohol, one civilian was very intoxicated. The other two had pinned a large paper on his back, ridiculing him in vulgar phrase. All the soldiers laughed at this. The presence of women did not count. The three sat down and drank at a table. The most intoxicated of the three sat holding his head, his glass untouched. As they rose to go he took his glass and emptied it at a gulp. Crossed the street and stood leaning against a tree. Soldiers laughed at the sign on his back. Two officers stopped, stood and watched, smiling till he started on his way again.

Far back from districts where war cuts deep into the souls of men, back in the quiet eddies, even there the toll of violence is paid in human unloveliness. The nerves of Europe are on edge. On a warm spring day I was the unhappy witness of the overbearing attitude of a consul of one of the conquering

nations at a consulate in Switzerland. Two Swiss boys were applying for visas to their passports to America. If they had been highway robbers about to gut the banks, they could not have been handled more roughly. Their neutrality was a stench in the nostrils of the consul of a dominant nation. The Swiss boys with other applicants were herded in a passage seven feet long by six wide. It was without windows. One of its five doors opened on the outside stairway, but whenever this door was placed ajar to get a little air, the consul dashed out from his office and slammed it to. How he loved authority, how he made us feel his position of command! Weary with standing, overcome with the fetid atmosphere, one lady and I ventured as our turn drew near to step across the threshold of his office, and quietly slip into two chairs which stood at the door. The monarch looked up, roared disapproval, and ordered us out. As a reply to my audacity, he stamped on my passport "autorisé à traverser la France sans arrêt et par le premier bateau." I smiled at the exalted opinion the conqueror had of his authority. War had been his teacher in arrogance.

The world of readers has heard of the host of the Belgian refugees, of the four million and a half of inhabitants, recipients constantly of relief, of raw

material gone, factories closed. A brilliant Belgian woman made the results burn into my mind. "Think of the effect of stripping a country of all wool, cotton, leather, iron, coal, brass, of all its raw material and much of its machinery! Think of the effect of forming zones of its agricultural districts and demanding that such a district furnish, at such a price, so much butter, potatoes, milk, cheese. It is plain that unemployment would be general in the towns, and in the country a regular system of hiding food, and a well-established secret service of women and girls going out to the farms at night and carrying back food to the towns and stealthily selling it from door to door at exorbitant prices. This all created a lamentable moral situation. The women of Belgium had none of the discipline of legitimate work and wages as did the women of other countries. They were fed at public expense, they could not escape a life of unemployment, they were forced into secret service. Circumstances compelled them to lie and steal. Naturally prostitution increased. But one form of loose conduct was not tolerated. Women who had consorted with the enemy were taken by our troops after the armistice, shaved and paraded through the streets for public execration." War sharpens the palate for degrading punishments.

War does not originate dishonesty; it gives humanity but another slant in that direction. Hundreds of people want to get on the Paris train at the Swiss border. All hold railway tickets, some wagon-lits accommodation, others couchettes, still others reserved first-class seats for the night journey. Some have the actual reservation tickets, others telegrams, letters, passes, promises to be fulfilled. Here is opportunity for graft and the officials seize it every night at Bellegarde. They stand in the doors of the carriages and recognize the passengers' recommendations according to the bribe given. Every night this riot and holdup go on, ending finally in compartments crowded to capacity, corridors packed with men and women using their luggage for seats, with children curled up on the floor like dogs to rest as best they can. Humanity is a plastic mass, and quickly accepts degrading conditions.

On the chaotic pier at Liverpool, where the passengers fought for porters and cabs with a fierceness sufficient to satisfy the most thorough believer in the value of competition, one philosopher, knowing someone must be last, elected to be that finality. She had laboriously dragged her luggage into one pile and then turning to a street gamin, a ragged, one-eyed boy of fourteen, said, "If you will go to the corner

and get me a cab, I'll give you five shillings." As quick as a flash came back, "Get it yourself." The rush and turmoil at the great terminals are full of the flavor of primitive unloveliness. Crowds push with set faces to secure a footing on the omnibuses, and anxious passengers dash hither and thither to capture a taxi. A plea for help brings the porter's reminder, "H'it's not my duty to run h'up and down the street a-getting taxis." "Won't you do it for a tip and a grandmother?" "H'I'm a grandfather myself. Was fifty-four my last birthday. H'I'm an h'old man. Been a-running five year come August. H'I'm all wore h'out." In Paris I suggested that the sheets, supposed to be clean, had been used and were soiled. In most amiable, insinuating manner the kindly femme-de-chambre told me "sheets have not been washed for years. The blanchisseuse dips them in water and then mangles them." Assurance that my experience was general was supposed to soothe my solicitudes. Dire consequences to visitors from dirt were rare, and you see I was to be the rule not the exception.

War brings hunger and hunger does more than starve our bodies. A sergeant who had charge of the Hotel Uncle Sam in Coblenz told me he put an orderly on each floor to "watch out" for the German

employees. He "allowed them to swipe some bread," a slice or two, but they had not a chance to take more. The head of a Y. W. C. A. Hostess House in the occupied territory said she had much difficulty with her employees as they "longed so for food, they would steal." Deprivation and the moralities do not go together. Perhaps, after all, the chief duty is self-preservation, since it is nature's first law. Honest people, starved, turn thieves. Germany had an honest population, but now it steals wherever the chance offers. Petty peculation reigns whenever temptation appears. The English were honest, international trade had trained them to probity, but hardship has in a measure discounted the virtue. The merchant whose word was as good as his bond will now on occasion cheat a client. A friend told me—her tales were but items in a long list of experiences common to many—that a London jeweler much patronized by her in pre-war days and who had always been honesty itself, cheated her on each transaction in the gentle season of the truce. Stones supposed to be "set" proved later to be glued in position, and "real" jewels turned to paste. In one transaction his duplicity was uncovered on the spot, but he so skilfully parried the thrust that he renewed in his customer the well-founded faith in their

relationship of former times. In similar manner her old tried and true Paris modiste had acquired ways of curtailing expense—for herself, not her customers. And excuse was so plausibly, so amiably set forth, that the harsh word "cheat" never escaped the lips of her patron. The shop windows all over Europe are gaudy with shoddy material. Germany before the war was conquering the world with the cheap and the nasty. Now the world is degrading itself with the nasty and dear.

Commerce rests not only on honesty, but on credit. For years the world was trained to suspicion. Faith lies numbed if not dead. The head of one of the great international commissions whose duty it was even before the war to standardize a certain mechanism, explained in referring to the unsatisfactory progress of their efforts since 1914, that "the French treat the English and American representatives as if we were pickpockets and thieves. France is making a mistake." The mistake is not confined to France. Each nation doubts its neighbor. Life has been lived in an atmosphere of suspicion; to turn suddenly and have faith is difficult.*

* On a larger and more important plane, was it anything more than lack of a nice sense of honor which kept the representatives of allied nations from laying before the President of the United States when we entered into partnership

And war has left the youth of the world, broken, disillusioned. I met in a Swiss train a young man, an American lad from New Mexico. He said: "I was in Paris in 1914 and joined the French Foreign Legion. My brother was killed at my side. I was nineteen. He was younger. We believed in the ideals then. We thought we fought for something high and great." He laughed cynically. "The troops were always tipsy in the trenches. That kept them dreaming. Ah, well, I was wounded in the summer of 1918. The armistice found me in hospital. I'm only just out. I'm an old man at twenty-four, I'm done for. My heart's knocked out." He paused and then added quickly, "Yes, knocked out in more senses than one."

with them all the agreements between their governments as to division of territory in case of victory? And is it not lack of honesty as well as courage, which has led every government to inflate its currency instead of meeting expenditure by taxation and loans? The Trade Record of the National City Bank, January, 1920, shows that the paper currency of Germany has increased tenfold since 1914 while the allied group of nations, excluding Russia, has increased its paper currency seven-fold, the ratio of gold to notes declining in the Central Powers from 49.7 per cent to 1.7 per cent, and in the allied group from 76.6 per cent to 17.1 per cent. In the United States we have nearly four times as much paper currency in circulation today as in 1914, and the ratio of gold to notes has fallen from 99.6 per cent to 52.3 per cent.

IV

WAR AND WOMAN'S WARD

Statistics cannot tell the child's story. Statistics tell us that infant mortality went down in Vienna during the war. That is true, but what was the significance of the fact? Nations, like individuals, fight for self-preservation. The medical profession of Vienna was working as never before to keep alive, through that first perilous year of life, every baby born. After the fighting forces the baby was served with the best, the older child with second best from the nation's larder, curtailed at every point in its food supply.

Throughout the Central Powers it was a regulation after 1916 for no child over four to be allowed milk and in some centers one year was set as the limit. The full effect of this regulation was seen in the children who were six or seven years old at the outbreak of the war. Dr. Ethel Williams, a specialist, who was sent to Vienna during the time of the armistice to study the condition of children, dis-

covered that the usual putting on of weight by normal children approaching their teens was not found in Austria. The child of thirteen was lighter than at twelve, less developed at fourteen than at thirteen. Science had fought off plagues, but it could not alter the effects on the growing organism of underfeeding. I heard a German mother say that when her children were hungering for what she could not procure, fats and sugar, she "took them to the theater to divert their minds." Her riches could command an orchestra chair but not butter.

On May 19, 1919, on the invitation of the Swiss Reception Committee I went with many others to the Zurich railway station to meet eight hundred Austrian children coming from Vienna to be fed as guests of Switzerland. An enormous crowd gathered to greet them, many children laden with little gifts. We were admitted to the arrival platform. An Austrian train had brought the children to the frontier and there a Swiss train took them over. Swiss nurses accompanied the children. They left the train in squads of twenty to thirty. Each child had hanging on its breast a white card giving name, age, parents or guardians, home address, etc., and then a pink card repeating this information plus the destination and name of its hostess. Only three or four children

had been overlooked in assignment. One girl of eleven could not be comforted. She evidently feared she was lost forever. None of the children looked poorly dressed, many were well dressed, and each had a pack on its back, a canvas bag carried by broad leather straps across the shoulders. The equipment looked like a military kit.

As the children marched down the platform two by two the appearance of the majority seemed fairly satisfactory, looked at superficially. The minority, anyone could see, was underfed, the skin was blotched, there were sores on the face, legs were calfless, some coughed. Many had to let their packs fall, one fainted away at the small exertion. But no intelligent observer could fail to note all the children were under the mark. The red cheeks were really a hectic flush, and the jolly ways were the ways of children which cannot easily be stamped out by ill treatment. Youth has the will to live! But the final test as to health was an enquiry as to age. I asked scores of children, "Wie alt bist du?" and the reply, confirmed by the information on the card, revealed how undergrown they were. Children of nine looked six or seven. There was not a normal child in the eight hundred.

It was a dramatic contrast to this scene when to

my train, on May 20 on the journey from Berne to Lausanne, was attached the Austrian ex-Emperor's special car. He was attended by Swiss officers and had his well-fed children with him. At Nyon, where he has taken a beautiful place for thirty thousand francs a year, motors met the party. A silent Swiss crowd was at the station. He traveled luxuriously and will live in ease and comfort. His part of the system which dragged Europe into war may not suffer, but the children of the people innocent of all harm to anyone are being crushed in body and soul.

The nearer the children of Europe live to the allied armies the better they are fed. It offends the soldiers' sense of courage to see a tiny, noncombatant suffer. Bravery does not include an attack on children. But in spite of the army influence in favor of a less stringent blockade, and in spite of the fact that the Rhine provinces suffered less from food shortage during the Great War than most other parts of Germany, the people in the occupied districts looked to a visitor in the first days of peace thin and underfed. The children were pale, hollow-cheeked, with black rings round their eyes. They walked slowly, solemnly. The spirit of play seemed dead within them.

The chauffeur of one of the few motors left in

Coblenz told me that he could procure little milk for his baby girl of two. Meal, potatoes and root vegetables were their diet. His wife was ill from privation and he himself unable to do a hard day's work after four and a half years in the trenches. My laundress, when she called, carried in her arms a baby, as I thought. Its eyes were shut; I supposed it was asleep. The inert little body was her boy born early in 1916! A boy three years old, with eyes always closed! The mother and child had been steadily undernourished. Food, food, Europe thinks food, talks food unceasingly. As an Austrian put it, "hunger had not only impoverished the body but the soul." She gave a picture of starving people battling for food for their children, and how hunger was the schoolmaster of theft. Many schools were taken for military purpose, teachers were lacking, the fathers had gone a-warring, the mothers into the munition factories. The street was the children's schoolhouse, hunger the teacher. The apt pupils learned to thieve. Such is the generation that the future is to be built upon.

In 1915 I found the children of England well fed, well clothed. Separation allowances for the wife and children of every soldier, a large demand for female labor with high wages, placed the children in a posi-

tion of protection and well-being never before known. But with the sacrifices in coal and food which Great Britain made to keep up the morale of the people of the Continent in 1916, and the sacrifices in imported food which she made in 1917 and 1918 to give cargo space to United States troops, to say nothing of loss of food through submarine warfare, the children of Great Britain were brought to a dietary level perhaps below that of any of her principal allies.

One realizes the result when they are seen en masse in the schoolroom. The rosy cheeks are few, games are not played with old-time zest; a dance given for a visitor in the early morning hours may have verve, but in the afternoon flags, and "footing it" is a dreary business. The ugly facts of war economy were often hidden in the ready response of the child to motion and song. It was as if the little one wished to conceal the ruin brought on by its elders, but could not enter into the conspiracy without painful effort. The underfed war child is not equal to the expenditure of much force. Youth, the indomitable, is brought by the War God to show small homage to the deities of song and dance.

In city and country the story is the same; in the teacher's parlance the children are "nervy." They are soon wearied, and recuperative power is low.

A teacher in an exceptionally healthful part of the country told me that the school nurse had advised all the teachers in the district that they must not expect the children to reach the old standard "for years to come." The head mistress of an infant school pointed out to me the "forlorn and underfed" condition of her youngest children. They were born "five years ago and were deprived from the time of weaning of fats and sugar." Another head mistress in contrasting the first years of the war with the early days of peace said "the children used to be better off. Wages are higher now but the cost of living is so much greater in proportion that real deprivation is felt." She added that the attendance in winter time since 1916 had been very bad "because boots could not be afforded."

In France never were the children so quiet, so irresponsive as now. One reason was indicated when in a class of forty only one hand went up in response to the question, "Who left the city at the time of the bombardments?" All but one child had remained under the strain of the syren's warning to run to cover in the nearest cellar like terror-stricken rabbits to their warren. They were weary little wayfarers on life's journey. And small was the effort being made in peace time to bind up the wounds of

war. No solid meal was furnished free at the noon hour. The state was supplying, the day of one of my visits, a thin soup with vegetables. The children brought little sacks from home. I saw them bend over them. Their backs were toward me. The slender necks looked white and tense. They carried to the table their bits of bread and then carefully brought each its bottle of wine. Not a child had milk. The children are given stimulants as never before, wine being cheaper than milk.

Europe under its masculine régime is not meeting this situation with single-eyed purpose. The nutritive value of a school meal is little discussed. The enquirer is given mainly centimes, pence, pfennigs to chew upon. The children in the école communal of France pay fifty centimes for the déjeuner, consisting of soup, or meat and vegetables, in England the price is three pence or five dinners for a shilling, in Germany fifty pfennig is the ruling price. Woman, the protector, is submerged in the business items of the passing hour. Will it pay, is the question raised. Perhaps the day will come when the mothers of the world will regard the money cost of giving their babies fine bodies and brains with an abandon equal to that adopted by men in pursuing the sport of riding to hounds, racing horses, or bull

fighting. In the greatest London daily I read in adjoining columns an account of the Derby and of the experiment in serving a two-course dinner by the East Suffolk Educational Committee. In the first column was a description of the return to "the splendors of pre-war days." There was the "old-time big attendance," the striking "extravagant dress" of women, the well-groomed, glossy flanks of the race horses. In the second column one reads that if two children taking the school dinner come from one family, ten pence instead of a shilling is paid by each weekly. Another item is that on each of the 25,648 dinners served in five months a profit of one-eighth of a penny was made. To start the venture—the venture of the school dinners, not the Derby—the Ministry of Food advanced some of the capital, but on the understanding that all the money "shall be repaid by annual instalments in the first three years." Children are wards of the state. Oh, generous state!

Everywhere in Europe I found the national and municipal kitchens and restaurants closing their doors. The children, all admit, were better fed through these agencies, but no propaganda was carried on among women favoring central feeding. They have in utter ignorance been allowed to drift back to the extravagance of the individual cook-

stove and the lower dietary value of the domestic menu. The merit of independence of government help has been exaggerated, and society has minimized the common-sense view that the child will be benefited more physically and morally by being well fed, than it will be injured by an example of dependence in its parents. The question of Europe is the rebuilding of the strength of the new generation. At the expense of little children the world was made safe for democracy. Will democracy now make the world safe for little children?*

War is a method of argument purely male and adult. Men protect their own children in peace time but in a state of war the interest of the child is not permitted to stand in the way of victory. We now know that the condition of the children in the Central Powers by the end of 1916 was such that their guardians ought to have sued for peace, and by 1917 the child's interest demanded in every European country a cessation of hostilities.

* As the armistice dragged on, the danger of widespread starvation increased. Not only was there no proposal on the part of any government to abandon tariffs for a time and permit of an unchecked flow of goods from nation to nation, but blockades were continued, and yet according to Mr. Hoover "a rough estimate would indicate that the population of Europe is at least 100,000,000 greater than can be supported without imports."

V

WAR'S HARVEST OF HATE

Europe has been made by war a hotbed of hate. Civilians nurse their wrath to keep it warm. They are not sportsmen. They hate their defeated foe, as if the battle were still to be won. Their emotion shows itself in petty ways. Notices in railway carriages which used to be given in several tongues are now so effaced as to cut out enemy languages. The spite is but emphasized by railway cars, which were taken from the enemy as indemnity, being left with all the signs upon them to indicate their origin. The victor can only tolerate the language of the foe when it spells defeat.

Success in war demands that soldiers love their allies and hate their enemies. But the mind constantly appealed to refuses, when peace brings relief from fear, to respond to the stimuli. The propaganda aimed to draw out love among the allies and hatred for enemies at last falls dead, or even starts unexpected cross currents. But the violent stirring

of evil emotions seems to demand when a foe is conquered and dislike of him dies down that there must be some other object of our hate. In peace the soldier's heart changed from love of France to dislike, from hatred of Germany to regard. The deviltries of the Teuton and the virtues of the Celt having been painted in high colors, the eye of the army grew tired, and blurred and confused the impression. Colors seen in war time are not the same when viewed in peace. Exaggeration had at last to check up with facts. As a French officer said to me, "We are fed up on the Americans," and the American troops, on their part, became weary of hearing of their country's debt to Lafayette. The Revolution seemed so far away and the billets in the north of France so near at hand! The reaction was none the less certain because unfortunate. It was startling to one who knew all about Lafayette and nothing about billets, to hear a captain in the American Army of Occupation, when taking visitors about his quarters, carry on this conversation with one of his sergeants:

Captain: Couldn't be a better propaganda for Germany than keeping us here, eh, sergeant?

Sergeant: No, captain.

Captain: Every day we like the French less, the Germans more, eh, sergeant?

Sergeant: Yes, captain.

Captain: It's so clean here, so dirty in France! And the French always have their hands out for the franc, eh, sergeant?

Sergeant: Yes, captain.

Captain: If you're ill, the Germans set before you coffee and cake, and nurse you up all for nothing, eh, sergeant?

This flood of unreason could not be stemmed by the visitor's protest that it was unfair to compare conditions in a battle-swept region with a place on unravaged soil during an armistice. Men had been told that all Germans were fiends, all French people angels. Truth sustained neither assertion. Men hate to be played upon and in resentment take up new positions as illogical as untrue.

The army seeks to explain its dislike of France on the ground that the French are overreaching. No nation is above being overreaching. Sharks gathered about the camps in America, and charged exorbitant prices, attaining such dizzy heights that the War Department had to regulate the vendors. And I saw displayed in the shop windows in Germany the poorest of machine-made lace, marked

"hand-made," and bearing a price worthy of the daintiest. American soldiers drew round the show-windows like flies about honey. I warned them that "mother" would know machine-made from hand-made lace, and that they must not buy without securing the services of an eye as critical as mother's. Shoppers never realize that their own immorality of ignorance creates shoddy goods and dishonest salesmen in every market of the world. The buyer's stupidity has corrupted more than the boulevards of Paris.

Perhaps more than the supposed exceptional overreaching in France and lack of cleanliness, the American soldier gave as a cause of his resentment—bad though he might be himself—the pushing of immorality upon our armies by the French. A young officer, none too restrained himself, I gathered, told with great bitterness how his regiment was sent to billets at —— and how "the next day in that place of two hundred inhabitants, five hundred prostitutes were landed on us. Those women are licensed, the police get graft out of them and so like to get patrons for them."

In short, war does not develop the best side of men. They grow irritable, and above all, unreasonable. It would have been quite unnatural had

France, on her side, not been anxious to be rid of us all. For years her country had been tramped over by the armies of the world. Great camps and docks had been put down on her soil, railways cut through her fields, her public buildings appropriated, the rooms at her hotels, the seats at her theaters, monopolized by foreigners. It was preposterous not to expect France to be weary of our presence, and yet that is just what we did expect. The American soldier complained, "She couldn't praise us too much for coming, but now that we have served her purpose she wants to be rid of us." The soldier lives on praise. He has no satisfaction in his work. It is a disagreeable business, with none of the return creative effort brings, its only harvest is glory. Perhaps no man on earth can swallow so much adulation as a soldier, it is his only recompense, and if he gets black looks in place of smiles, he is cut to his very soul. Unfortunately, black looks and resentment are part of the fortunes of war. Excessive praise of him who fights with me makes me all the more critical of his faults when I have to regard him as an ordinary neighbor instead of a devoted confederate. War has brought its harvest of hate in the hearts of men. For her allies to say that France is overreaching, to say she is unsanitary, to say she is immoral, is but to say

the pendulum of our emotions has swung from the point of extreme praise in the days of war, to the farthest end of the arc in the time of disillusionment.*

* The same psychology shows itself in the relations of governments. For instance, the nine and a half billion dollars which the United States advanced to the allies were loaned in a most generous spirit, with the talk of turning the debt into a gift because this country had gone into the war so late, and had not suffered from a single enemy shot on its soil. But now that old companions in arms are separated and every danger from enemy guns allayed, nothing more is heard, on our side, of cancellation of indebtedness.

VI

TWO CONSTRUCTIVE OUTCOMES OF THE WAR

Because war leads rather to revolution than constructive reform, it serves better the defeated than the victorious. The victor, flushed with conquest, never revolts against his government, however inadequate. He has defeated the enemy under a given standard and remains loyal to the colors, however bedaubed they may be with dishonor. He won the fight in spite, perhaps, of a given leadership, but he argues that it was under it, nevertheless, that he won. The defeated rebel. Humanity is never too weary to destroy. The Central Powers are perhaps too exhausted to build up, but in defeat they at least rid themselves of their incubus.

It may be along the same line of the defeated winning the only laurels war has to confer, that one must seek the few constructive results of the conflagration inside each national group. The truly defeated in any war are the workers and women.

Every interest of the worker and every aspiration of women are outraged when the rule of brute force takes sway. The working class will not only be called upon to face the foe at the front, but every labor bulwark it has slowly built up, it will be called upon to abandon. Step by step, item by item, through the years of the war, trade-union agreements and legislative enactments entered into to protect the workers were set aside by entente and Central Powers as necessary to win the war. The workers were the defeated in each national group. They canceled their charters of liberty. But when peace came they rebelled. They aimed to throw off industrial autocracy. They now wish democratic control in industry. The Teutons have no more revolted after defeat against the Hohenzollerns, than the workers have rebelled, after sacrifice, against all exclusive industrial leadership.*

And in the same way women rebelled after defeat. Counsel was not sought from them, before men

* The grip of communism on Russia, the acceptance of a Socialist government in Germany as the most conservative of possible governments offered the nation, the rapid growth of the Labor Party in Great Britain, and the sudden determination of the American Federation of Labor to seek to make itself effective in politics, all indicate that it is along labor lines that constructive results will follow in the wake of the war.

threw the world into war. The fighting male broke the bounds. He took command. He asked nothing from woman but sacrifice and service. Every instinct of her being was outraged. The children to whom she owed protection were starved by food blockades, were drowned in sunken ships at sea, were struck down by bombs from the sky, and all this while the contending armies talked about the inhumanity of the use in the field of a dumdum bullet, and statesmen exchanged notes as to international agreements in regard to respecting ambulances and hospitals. The destruction of every war hospital, the sinking of every hospital ship, the universal use of flattened bullets was not as mean and dastardly as the injury of one little child. To fight to the limit, man to man, would not have eaten into our very souls as has the disregard of the lives and well-being of the innocent and helpless.

The war, any war, is indeed a defeat for the best that women have to give, but through defeat has come victory for them in political democracy. The spread of self-government for women was not checked by the war. In fact, the vote was the prize won by women for unquestioning service. Their ideals as giver and protector of life were sacrificed and defeated, but they achieved a political revolution. The

vast majority of men, without doubt, hope that women will use their new power to achieve protective ends. Perhaps that hope was an impelling motive in the wide and sudden conferring of the vote. Men growing weary of destruction struck off one of the chains holding in check the guardians of humanity.

PART TWO

AT THE ROOT OF THE CONFLICT

I

CAUSES OF THE CATACLYSM

Those advocating with enthusiasm a League of Nations, emphasize the idea that nations war simply because there exists no machinery to achieve a settlement of international disputes by peaceful means, while the violent method of reaching conclusions is most generously arranged for. Organization for a settlement by force was ready and at hand before the Great War; organization for settlement by agreement was discussed but not prepared. The most reasonable of neighbors would have recourse to their fists, if there was absolutely no other tool supplied by which to reach a conclusion as to where their boundary fence belonged. Citizens do not start a propaganda in favor of dueling within their nation and arrange an arena for the combat on the ground that men have an innate desire to fight, but, on the contrary, discourage all violence, and supply elaborate court systems where disputants must bring their contentions. Attempts to settle disagreements

inside a country by pistols, far from being praised, is most severely dealt with. Nation fought nation, declare the advocates of a league, because there was no international technique to preserve peace. World opinion had not provided a substitute for an arbitrament of arms.

Equally insistent with those who call for a mechanism for international adjustment are those who claim that an active working-class movement would prevent war. Were the workers more in control, undoubtedly, since they must largely sustain the contest, they would be a curb on war. True as these two positions are, it is obvious that if the machinery of international understanding is to run at all, there must be applied the constant lubricant of a powerful public opinion. A great fructifying conviction must lie underneath a league for peace or the idea cannot take root and flourish. The most potent force against international violence would come through setting free the protective side of life itself.

But unfortunately the vast reservoir of the instinct to shelter humanity, which might have flowed as a cooling stream over the asperities of the world, has always been effectually dammed up. I do not aim to place women on any pinnacle of perfection, but merely to suggest that, if they had been released to

be themselves and not cribbed by the opinions of the "fighting male" through political and economic taboo, they would have shown a genius for sheltering life as supreme as any displayed by the mothers of the lower animals.

There is no need of deifying the protective instinct of women. It need not be glorified or exaggerated. Its origin is not mystic. The mother in every animal species is the only being who, through actual experience, realizes the cost of creating life. By real and individual suffering, sacrifice and patience, and not by vague sentimentalities and abstract reasoning, she measures life's value. Here is a foundation as firm as the rock of Gibraltar on which to found a wide public opinion for international peace, "I shall protect the flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood, from self-destruction."

But in the old Europe, the protective gifts of women were practically confined to direct service to the child in the home. Poets never sang to the mother of duties away from the fireside, orators never appealed to her to wage war on moral battlefields in the great outside world. On the contrary, history, romance, religion counseled the woman to help only in a circumscribed sphere. The deadening effect of this philosophy was borne in upon me as

I talked with the wife of a physician living on the edge of the devastated region of France. She expressed regret that the government had been slow in formulating a plan of reconstruction, but "so great is the love of home among our people that they are not waiting for the state to act. They go back and establish themselves among the ruins." Then I ventured, "Perhaps French women have a program," to which she answered: "Why should they have? Their place is home, their thoughts and feelings center there." She referred to a relative in her work for the Young Women's Christian Association as "an exception to all young women of her class," and she added with a tone of full approval, "French women did some nursing during the war, but outside of that were almost wholly devoted to their homes." To my query, "Whether they had any or not?" she replied, "Yes—devoted to the idea, if there was no reality."

The woman of the working class has suffered no less from the swaddling clothes of an unsound philosophy. She is not entirely fortunate in her leaders. Influenced as they are by close contact with men in the labor world, they may be said to dominate rather than represent their client. They constantly suggest to women subordination to men. When discussing the question of the endowment of motherhood,

one of the most prominent of the women labor leaders in Great Britain said to me that "the workingman and his wife feel their partnership more strongly than other classes. The woman doesn't feel dependence. She is a partner in an equal partnership." She then added that "one must not forget that most women in the labor parties are wives entirely engrossed by home." Ignoring for the moment the misfortune of any human creature being "entirely absorbed" in her trade, and smiling at the idea that the English marriage law creates an "equal partnership," I wish to emphasize that there is a battle ahead of us with the prejudices of labor men no less real than the battle we have just won in the votes for women campaign against the prejudices of all men. That a labor conference is not one whit freer of sex bias than a political party caucus, is a truth often missed by women in the labor movement. One British leader in urging the importance of women in industry yielding up their places to men at the close of the war, said to me, "Feminists do not realize that workingwomen are really considering the case of their own sweethearts, fathers, husbands, brothers. We stand with our men." Such leadership misses the fact that the feminist is pleading for full opportunity to express the fundamental differences between

men and women, and not the surface antagonisms. I will stand with my men when they are in the right. I have run through the whole gamut with other women of fathers, brothers, sweethearts, husbands, and we fought their prejudices to a finish in gaining political emancipation for our sex. In the same manner the sex-bias of men in the economic sphere must be overruled; for economic freedom, no less than political freedom, is necessary to women in securing a balance of power for their opinions.

Peace between nations demands that women of the working class cease to be "entirely engrossed by home," cease to stand unquestioning "with their men," and cease to hand the world outside their doors over to the fighting male. Leaders of the women workers, in emphasizing the unity of men and women in a battle with capitalism, gloss over differences between the sexes, and fail entirely to note the peculiar contribution women have to make to civilization. They see the full value of the protective instinct of women in the home, but apparently they are unaware of the rôle the same instinct should play on the world stage. The woman is diverted by her very leaders from exercise of her most impelling motives.

Overwhelmed with the miseries wrought by the Great War, my mind was alert in noting suppressions

of the sheltering impulse. In school life we do not lay open to the children the heroic part played by women in protective lines in primitive society. On the contrary, the girl is made to feel that to man belongs the entire shaping of the outside world. What woman, the protector, could do to counteract the warring instinct of her mate is never made plain by any sympathetic development of what she did contribute in primitive times to civilization. Children carry from the school the idea that men hunted and warred, they do not bring home the truth that women domesticated animals, invented the loom, and were the first potters and builders of shelter. And in the days before the Great War the educational channels of Europe carried to the minds of children subtile appeals to the spirit of national aggressiveness. One nation emphasized in its schools the excessive individualism which it was already suffering from in international relations, another encouraged in its youth the national tendency to arrogance, while all, in order to ensure the supremacy of the adult male generation, gave lessons at every turn as to the wisdom of obedience. In a sample essay written in one of the little blue checkered blank books so characteristic of the schools of France, under the title, "Conseils à un futur Soldat de la grande Guerre," one

reads the injunction, "Commence par obéir à tes chefs, sans plainte. Si tu éprouves des révoltes, garde-les secrètement en toi et obéis encore." But surely the last five years should fill us with doubt of the wisdom of training a people to unquestioning obedience. That end was accomplished in Germany. The child obeyed teacher and parent without question, the woman the man, men obeyed superiors without challenging their wisdom or goodness. Obedience was raised to a height next to godliness. What an obsession it was, leading in the end to the ruin of a nation, to the downfall, perchance, of civilization! To train a child to obey some person blindly is to cultivate in him the most dangerous of characteristics. If children had been led to distinguish between righteousness and unrighteousness and to obey an impulse towards righteousness, if men had been trained to distinguish between wisdom and folly, and to dare to declare for the former, the world would not be standing to-day on the brink of a precipice. Obedience, widespread and unswerving in one nation, enabled a military class to force its will on mankind.

By the suppression of the protective instinct in women, by the cultivation of anti-social impulses in children, nations ensure the hardy growth of the roots of all conflict.

II

WHY THE GERMANS WERE SO

Human nature is plastic in spite of the dictum "human nature is human nature," by which is meant something very fixed and abiding. By nothing more subtile than underfeeding, initiative can be annihilated;* and combativeness can be raised to the *n*th power by doses of suggestion judiciously administered. Humanity is clay in the hands of a potter who has a design and determination.

No ruling class the round world over ever developed a more scientific plan for securing certain reactions in a people than the Junker-Military group of Germany. The conquest of the will of a nation was made possible by the complete domination of the mother of the race. The saying that the civilization

* Owing to the determination of certain of the allies to extract from Germany as much of the cost of the war as possible, the relation of feeding to desire and ability to work has been studied. Malnutrition of miners of the Central Powers has greatly cut down output in the coal fields. In the Ruhr district the miners feeling their need of fats agreed to work extra shifts to produce coal for Denmark in direct exchange for butter. The popular name for the extra time was "butter shifts."

of a country is indicated by the position accorded its women should give place to the truth that the civilization is determined by their position. The status of woman is more than an index.

The subjugation of the German woman before the Great War was well-nigh universal and complete. The school system dealt with her mind quite frankly as a thing innately and unalterably illogical. Her training was towards information, not education. The pre-war German school system was so ordered as not only to separate class from class, to divide the nation into fixed social strata, but to place the women of each division in subserviency to men. The girl's mind was to be sufficiently polished, of course, to reflect the opinions of the male. Her masters did not wish her to be too untutored for companionship, nor too limited to lead her children a little way. But the girl's education was planned for the undeveloped brain. She memorized, she did not question. Her psychology was held to be that of perpetual youth. She was trained to continue to live as a child in the present, with a past as vague, and a future as undefined. She was kept young.

The average German woman, even in the time as close to the Great War as the days of the armistice, did not refer to the conflict in encountering enemy

women. She was as unembarrassed as is youth in meeting somewhat nervous parents for the first time after punishment. The disciplinarian always anxiously anticipates the painful shyness its ward will feel, forgetting that since the storm is past it is non-existent, forgotten. As to the child, so to the German woman, each day is a new beginning. This was not her adopted philosophy but part of the youthfulness of character instilled in her by a false educational system. To satisfy her religious nature a god was supplied to her, but he was as tribal as the Jehovah of the Hebrews, and every fiber of her being was taught to vibrate to the belief in the special and supreme mission of her race in the history of the world. Trained as she was, it was easy for her rulers at her majority to deny to her all part in public life, and by law forbid her the right of political agitation. That a few great spirits rebelled could not change the fate of a nation in which the majority of mothers accepted inferiority as God-appointed. But the German woman's meekness, her childlikeness, her readiness to obey, did not remain merely feminine characteristics. The shackled woman endowed her nation with slave qualities. To suppress the sons of her womb was not difficult. And it was but the irony of fate that the ruling class of Germany did

not admire its own handiwork. Its philosophers, above those of all nations, deserve the palm for vituperative attack upon woman. Schopenhauer has no competitor in the nakedness of his onslaught unless it be Nietzsche or Weiniger.

The contrasts in the women of the separate countries were reflected in the feminist movements of the world. Among Anglo-Saxons the drive was for political expression. The emphasis was laid on political freedom, the demand was for votes. The movement drew into its ranks the simple, average woman. After the first few stormy years back in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the agitation was confined to exceptional women, every social group contributed its quota to the forces. The support of the suffrage cause was widespread and general. Very simple and obscure women responded to the call and played their parts in the votes for women campaign. The movement encouraged the ordinary woman to stand for her rights independently of men. The method of conducting the battle may have been stormy at points, but the goal was not revolutionary, it was an aim established in the political philosophy of the nineteenth century. Everyone was seeking self-government, and everyone admitted the soundness, if not the expediency, of the claim for women.

But in Germany the Frauen Bewegung took a totally different line, for it was the outcome of the economic radicalism of a few rebellious spirits. The political appeal was negligible, an economic and social program received the emphasis. The rights of the illegitimate child were championed and the endowment of motherhood upheld. The timid average woman was afraid of her Walküre-like sisters. The propaganda did not grip large numbers of widely separated women, as did the easily understandable Anglo-Saxon political movement. The Teutonic drive developed some remarkable individuals, the Anglo-Saxon knit together a vast body of average women capable of developing the cumulative power of numbers when appealed to by leaders in whom confidence was felt at any given moment. The exceptional Teutonic woman can make a protest, the average Anglo-Saxon can win her point. This fundamental contrast can be illustrated by definite experiences. At the time of the Boer War an English woman, Miss Emily Hobhouse, returning from South Africa, made a public statement as to conditions in the concentration camps most compromising to the British military authorities. Immediately in all ranks of the woman movement a demand went up for investigation. This demand gathered momentum

day by day. The average stay-at-home woman was roused. The government could only still the storm by appointing a commission of women headed by the president of the suffrage societies, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, to go to South Africa with full power to investigate and recommend changes in the management of the camps. The Anglo-Saxon movement had taught the plain, average woman to insist upon knowing facts for herself. She could not be quieted until women were sent to ferret out the truth, and until their recommendations were adopted by the government. The Anglo-Saxon woman has not so much lack of faith in her men folk as unbounded faith in herself.

The Teutonic woman, on the contrary, is overready to believe in her men and disbelieve in herself. She starts to protest but is easily diverted by specious promises. When the deportation of the women of northern France occurred, there was a protest, it is gratifying to know, from some of the women of Germany. But it was abortive for two reasons; first, because it came from a small and radical group which, though brilliant and of large vision, had not behind it the mass of average women, and, second, because it was itself too easily checked by smooth assurances. This group had initiative but not staying power.

It appealed first to the military authorities and was ignored. Then it addressed a letter to each member of the Reichstag, condemning the deportations and urging abandonment of the pernicious practice. The Reichstag, as the record shows, debated this letter, and in the end the military authorities, while admitting the deportations had taken place, gave assurance that the practice had been given up. This information was sent to the protestants. Though "doubting the word of the military," the women felt "they could not go behind the Reichstag report." The most fiery of advanced German women were thus balked, while the most obscure of Anglo-Saxon women pursued her appointed way until she herself was satisfied that she had unearthed the truth. The Frauen Bewegung has not instilled in the everyday woman of Germany a spirit of revolt. To the question which I put persistently to German women after the armistice, "Did you protest against the deportation of women by your military authorities?" I met, at best, assurance that the Reichstag report could not be challenged, and at worst, resentment. To one of the latter class, who declared she "did not feel called upon to inquire as to deportation since she accepted the verdict of military men that the women wanted to come to Germany to work," I suggested

that the British military authorities had been as complacent about the South African camps, but that nevertheless British women were not diverted and went on with their enquiry. She countered with, "And well they might. Those camps were a scandal." My point was lost in the jetsam of the mind trained to the childlike.

If women as women have a special contribution to make in the upbuilding of a nation, and I presume there is none so cynical as to assert the contrary, obviously they must first have full opportunity to be themselves. The Anglo-Saxon woman is free enough and self-reliant enough to make her contribution, while the German woman was neither sufficiently free nor determined to set her special seal on the kultur of her nation. The German civilization was peculiarly a masculine product. In no nation were men less influenced by women and women dominated more by men. A small circumstance in Trier soon after the armistice illustrated the fact. The school boys were disporting on their caps bands lettered "S. M. S. Hohenzollern" and "Von Hindenburg," and the girls, pretty little things, wore ribbons stamped with the grewsome title, "U-boot 50." It was but a little straw, but showed well how the national wind bent and marred the protective feminine

instincts. Germany was masculine. The discipline in school and family was hard and austere. The Anglo-Saxon woman steps between the offending child and the avenging father; the Teutonic woman stepped aside and left parental discipline to her mate. Her habit of effacement was the reason that juvenile delinquency was especially marked in Germany during the war, the guide and disciplinarian was absent from home in the trenches.

Someone said in the days before the war, in remarking upon the German woman's profound sense of duty, her unflagging conscientiousness, that when once convinced of the need of her independent influence in public affairs, she would go far. The war and the revolution seemed to strike the scales from her eyes, and fate decreed that the Frauen Bewegung, which had laid such emphasis on social questions, was to be sucked into the political whirlpool. Everywhere women took their part in the political strife of their country. Nowhere is the activity greater than in the Catholic and reactionary district of Coblenz. Frau Heidsieck, who was president of the Nationale Frauendienst, has brought her great organizing ability to bear in the new order. She withstood all the advice of men of her circle to organize women in one of the existing parties and decided

rather to rally them about one single principle. Frau Heidsieck sits on many committees with men, and finds them "taking to women in politics very naturally,—just as if we had always been there." "Old opponents frankly say they would not return to the former condition." "Men had always said women had no logic, but in conferences women have proved to have more than men." "Women were not at all partizan. They waited and would not join parties, but asked rather, 'What principle do we want?' and went for that in spite of all parties."

This Coblenz leader is a Catholic and anti-socialist, and set as her goal to prevent the return of any socialist to the Weimar National Assembly from her district. She organized a representative committee, held constant conferences before election and instructed women how to vote. Her committee succeeded in drawing the vast majority of women into its circle. Under her leadership more women than men voted and every socialist candidate in Coblenz was defeated. She regretted the early age at which citizens can now vote in Germany. Twenty, she holds, is too young, as it is the "youth of the country who are upsetting things." The "soldiers who threw down their arms and would fight no longer were the young men." She then came to what filled her mind:

she is passing over to other women her work in the Frauendienst, in philanthropy, in education, and giving her energy to organizing a nation-wide propaganda against socialism. She is drawing women together in a Union, and her method of propaganda will be largely intimate and individual. Women who have been instructed in the work will carry the propaganda to the separate households. "The socialist campaign has been individual, and ours will be the same."

Beside this negative program, Frau Heidsieck and her followers have a positive platform. She prefaced her first item with the remark, "Socialists have been better than the Conservatives on questions of housing, industrial laws and the like. We must do better than in the past." She stands for motherhood pensions and repeal of laws unjust to women. The final item on her program was a League of Nations. She said of this, "If future war can be prevented, then all we have suffered will be outbalanced by good. Nothing is too much to pay for lasting peace."

At the opposite pole of political philosophy is Dr. Augspurg of Munich. She was elected to the Central Soviet under Kurt Eisner. Her fellow worker, Fräulein Heymann, was appointed to the same Soviet in a way that throws light on the informal

method of procedure. Dr. Augspurg having fallen ill, Fräulein Heymann went to the chairman of the Soviet and frankly said she thought as one accustomed to large assemblies she was needed in the Soviet, composed of many inexperienced men, and wished to offer herself for service. On being appealed to, the Soviet accepted her as a member. From nine in the morning until seven at night she helped each day to keep Eisner's Central Soviet on the track.

It was striking that radical men as well as the reactionary welcomed the help of women. However much they had once opposed the participation of women in political life, German men seemed to depend on the comradeship of women after the revolution. There is a note of pathos in the appeal of an ultra-masculine nation to its women in the black hours of chaos. Those who had wandered far from home in a crusade of brute force seemed in the time of ruin to turn instinctively to their women for council. This attitude appeared to me genuine, not assumed to impress their conquerors with their change of heart. Indeed, was it anything but a natural human instinct which was expressing itself, the same instinct, in fact, which showed itself touchingly in our own military hospitals. Nurse after nurse

has told me that our American soldiers, whether in delirium or conscious agony, called upon their mothers for support. And this reliance on women in Germany was general, illustrated not only in advanced groups, but in every stratum of political society. The revolution has broken down not only militarism and the Hohenzollerns, but the domination of women by men. An ultra-conservative woman told me that it was strange but true that on the innumerable public and private councils upon which she and other women were serving with men, the new order was so completely accepted that it was not even referred to. She often herself wondered at the matter-of-fact way in which men cooperate with women "just as if they had always done so." She added, "They who always called us the unbusinesslike sex, now regard us as the more practical. They court our opinion, and push us forward to carry out our ideas." From the advanced radicals comes the same verdict. Women are regarded as anchors in the stormy legislatures of the people, they are counted upon to be the solid, unemotional units in the battle of contending groups.

It was three women who had faith in their ability to achieve a bloodless compromise with the White Army when it was marching against the government

of Kurt Eisner. The men of the Reds had so little belief in the enterprise that they would not do more for the self-appointed envoys than give them safe conduct through their lines. The three women started from Munich by motor but finally were forced to trudge two nights and two days on foot before reaching the White Army on the frontier. Their mission was to find out why the White Army was attacking Bavaria, and what the Eisner government could do to placate its enemy. Their heroic enterprise was fruitless, because at the moment when success seemed within reach, the assassination of its president threw Bavaria into a whirlpool of successive revolutions.

In a long conversation with Dr. Augspurg and Fräulein Heymann, when we discussed the leaders of the revolutions in Bavaria, I received confirmation of the wisdom of the warning which was being given on the question of interference in the internal affairs of Russia. Both of these very able women, close observers and far-seeing, emphasized the fact that in each succeeding revolution that followed the overthrow of Eisner, the leaders were of lower and lower ability. They pointed out that through underfeeding and overstrain Europe is sapping its moral and intellectual power; and that if pressure from the

outside, often initiated by nations who have suffered least in the war, did not cease, and the measure of order which had been attained at any point left to function, Europe would fall into the hands of the less and less capable. Dr. Augspurg illustrated her thought by her intimate experience in Bavaria. Kurt Eisner was endeavoring to combine a representative parliament with soviet government. His aim was to make an elected parliament the law-making body, and the Central Soviet the executive arm of government. And Eisner had succeeded in reorganizing the school system. "But through constant pressure by the White Army, friction was kept alive. After the death of Eisner revolution succeeded revolution. With each change poorer men grasped power. No country has an endless supply of ability. For outsiders to prop up this group or undermine that one will only postpone the final settlement. I feel as if I had been living at the center of a kaleidoscope constantly shaken by an alien and irresponsible hand." The common sense of these two brilliant women from Munich made me feel that the reliance of men upon their women had a certain sound cosmic basis. Business and professional men, dreamers and doers, workingmen and statesmen declared to me that the hope of Europe is in its women. Their opinion

did not seem based on facts, experience or reason, but upon an intuitive hope that since all must in the end come out well, women must be intended by fate, since men have failed, to right the world after the greatest of catastrophes, and be the saviors of civilization.

A nation of men uninfluenced by women might have been the descriptive title of Germany up to the time of its revolution. If the Fatherland takes on gentler customs, and tempers efficiency with grace, it will be because the German woman rises to her opportunity and at last places her mark upon the kultur of her mother country. In this effort, trained as she has been through generations to self-effacement and exaltation of masculine force, the German woman will need all the help the women of more fortunate nations can give her. If the women of the world can nourish in the German woman the spirit of noble rebellion which now seems to have sprung to life in them,* Germany will cease to be that curse, a nation of men undisciplined by women.

* If the Peace Treaty is not modified in line with common sense, and brought into agreement with the terms decided upon as bases of peace in the autumn of 1918, then German women will be driven to make common cause with their men even more than in the past.

III

THE HOTBED OF NATIONAL ISOLATION

"There is nothing interesting to see in the écoles communals, they will waste your time." Such was the warning given to me by a woman, a leader in the French educational world. And yet the school was functioning. It was forming the child. She held out the hope that a group of her friends were about to establish in one school, by permission of the government, medical examination of the child and care of the teeth. If this "model school proved successful, she hoped the government would take over the work and extend it to all the schools, but there was nothing to see until this new feature was introduced." The same indifference to the schools as they exist I sensed at the Ministry of Primary Instruction when I called for my visiting permits. No one seemed interested in the écoles communals or anyone visiting them. I asked to see schools of a certain type, but no suggestion was made as to which particular school

was best worth while. Officialdom was wholly indifferent, though the child is not only the father to the man, but father and mother to the nation.

In French literature indifference to children is often depicted as a national fault. The children are so interesting that it is difficult to believe this is so and yet I am afraid it is. Seldom did I feel in the school an atmosphere of love of children. Were there love and sympathy with young things it could not remain true for an hour that in the école maternelle there is absolutely no provision for the tiny tots to lie down during their long stay at the school from eight in the morning until six at night. Children between two and a half and six years of age sit or stand through those eight long hours without opportunity to relax and sleep. That love of children is not an active propelling power in the schools of France is borne witness to by Léon Frapié's "La Maternelle." And that France recognizes her shortcomings is further witnessed by the fact that the onslaught by Frapié received the prix Goncourt.

The French school trains the child to be self-centered and the nation shy of foreign relationships. The child does not know what a round game is. In the courtyard where it goes with its class once or twice a day it plays by itself with a hoop, a skipping

rope, a ball. It acts as a separate unit. Part songs are not taught. All the pupils sing the air. Even when a song lends itself to question and answer, to voice and echo, the class is not divided and the idea of interdependence given. The child is trained to individualism. The tiny babies of three to five years old in the école maternelle are drilled as egoists. Each acts alone. They do not even dance hand in hand in circles. Much ingenuity must be used to keep them apart. Thus is formed day by day the national complex.

On the quiet, plastic mass of individualized units in the school propaganda is poured. The Republic after 1870 aimed to make love of democratic France lie near her children's hearts. A prominent teacher said to me "the school has been used in the past to unseat the monarchical idea and establish the republican, and is being used in the present to keep the people from thinking." The pupils are given in history the story of France and nothing more. There are not for them the fascinating myths of Greece and Rome and the Norseland. They recite long lists of French kings with the dates of their reigns. They love France to excess because no other land is real to them. The world does not unroll before them, only the maps of France. Each department they know,

each river, each bay and headland. France is the universe in the eyes of her children.

And geography is made to serve the patriotic aim of the hour. At a communal school for boys I asked to have a geography lesson given. A map of France was brought out. The lesson developed into a quiz on frontiers,—natural and artificial. The net we were being drawn into was soon apparent. The boys at once made it known that on the south, west and much of the east France has natural obstacles to a foe in mountains and oceans, but north and east she was open to attack. And France had a lowering enemy to the north and east and "must have fortresses there." One boy shouted—I felt he always shouted, when this matter was touched upon—that "the Rhine as a boundary would protect the country." The lesson was called geography and was for children, but the real lesson was one in fear and was formative of a nation's mind. The teacher was a dull-eyed man of forty-five, oily and podgy, in a black coat. All the men teachers wore black coats and looked big and solemn and dour. I had a feeling they were the gravediggers of youth and human fellowship.

The pupils sat on very narrow benches at their desks. There was no adjustment of the seat to the

size of the pupil and there were no backs. The one recognition of facts was that the boys whom the teacher thought had defective sight and hearing were placed in the front row. In one class the boys were carrying on work in paper and cardboard cutting. I saw the plan of the course as laid down by educational authorities. It was systematic, elaborate, dead, and was the only provision for manual training. The principal told me that arithmetic in all the schools was used to increase the war loans. Economy was advised. Savings, investment, interest were worked out, and the relation of the "size of the German indemnity to taxation calculated."* Rubbing imaginary coin between thumb and finger with an expression worthy of Fagan the principal said, "It interests them in arithmetic to know it has to do with money in their pockets." And all this onslaught

* While French children were being taught to balance their country's debt of $26,000,000,000 with a German indemnity, Italian orators were glibly wiping out a debt of $10,000,000,000 in the same easy way, and Sir Eric Geddes in December, 1918, promised: "We will get out of her [Germany] all you can get out of a lemon and a bit more. I will squeeze her until you hear the pips squeak." The people of all countries were led by their statesmen into such a quagmire of ignorance that when the time came for cold facts to be faced, they were incapable of sound judgment. In August, 1919, Senator Knox in a speech before the Senate set forth indisputable truths as to Germany and reparation. The press broke forth not with disproof but abuse.

upon the will and emotions of childhood is arranged by the central department. The minister of education can touch a button and determine the thoughts of the children, and the future of France. As I left the building the boys of one class were gathered in a stone-paved yard. They ran about in an aimless way, their long capes winding about their arms and legs hindering all freedom of action. The teacher in black coat stood apart, uninterested.

A technician, an engraver, a designer may come out of all this, but a lover and leader of men never. As I watched the boys and girls I thought of the greater virility of the people when they were unschooled, before they were subjected to this treadmill of information. Either the children I saw are the most errant of hypocrites or they could no more initiate a French Revolution than lambs.

Thoughtful Frenchmen invariably agreed with me in my criticism. One inspector with whom I felt free to speak frankly, to my exclamation one day that the schools he was showing me seemed fifty years behind the times, replied, "Oh, no, Madame, not fifty, five hundred." The time-table copied for me in one of the classrooms in its emphasis on the scholastic and neglect of all manual training seems to bear out the inspector's contention:

LUNDI

8.30- 9.00	Gymnastique.	1.00- 1.30	Lecture.
9.00- 9.30	Morale.	1.30- 2.00	Ecriture.
9.30- 9.50	Lecture.	2.00- 2.30	Histoire.
9.50-10.00	Ecriture.	2.30- 2.45	Recreation.
10.00-10.15	Recreation.	2.45- 3.15	Lecture.
10.15-10.45	Calcul.	3.15- 3.45	Dessin.
10.45-11.30	Français.	3.45- 4.00	Recitation.

The work in preparation for different trades mapped out and accomplished in the École Professionelle which caps the free school system is worthy of praise. I recall especially a very inspiring teacher under whom a group of girls had done some exquisite embroidery. One piece, fit for a museum, they had designed from illuminations in the Musée de Cluny. But the girl as a human being was totally forgotten. No singing, no music, no recreation of any sort was introduced in the course. Absolutely nothing to develop the body was given in the three years of grind. From half past eight in the morning until five-thirty, six days, week after week, for ten months each year these girls of thirteen to seventeen years of age, the time of crisis in their lives, bend over their tasks. They are silent, very silent, but we know there must be turbulence under the placid surface. The head mistress of one professional school, a

woman of sympathy and wisdom, deprecated the strain put on the girls through lack in the school of outlet to their pent-up emotions. She was alive to the dangers and chafed under a state system that held her and her wards as in a vise. A friend, a young French woman of conscience and insight, in discussing with me the educational system said: "I know of one channel for surcharged nerves. In a foyer which I attend all the girls have confided in me that they have young men with whom they consort. One girl pointed out another to me one day and whispered in my ear, 'She has a girl friend. She's made that way. She prefers it.' "

The very school buildings of France seem to speak of one unswerving purpose. They can be summarized, they make a single, definite impression. They are of one type. If we say école communal, we think of no particular school but of a general model, fixed in curriculum, fixed as to equipment, fixed as to structure. The building is large, there is light and cleanliness, there is air, or rather could be—usually all windows are tightly closed. On entering the lobby one is faced by a wide flight of well-scrubbed wooden stairs, with a very high handrail on one side, rising, rising, rising, for the ceiling seems to touch the sky. The pupil must be overawed by the educational lad-

der. The place is always quiet. The children, if you happen to meet them, are moving up or down to the courtyard in silent ranks. It is oppressively still. The visitor enters a classroom; how sepulchral it is! The wainscoting stained dark brown rises above your head, the windows are high above the floor, forbidding a glance outside. The children sit very still, the girls in black cotton high-necked, long-sleeved pinafores, the boys in blouses of the same color. They sit to sing, sit to read, to recite. They sit so quietly. They are not mischievous. There is no innocent fun going on. Their feelings are all suppressed and curbed, volcanic eruptions of pent-up emotions may come later. The room where the noon meal is served is big and gloomy, the usual cellarlike place giving on the courtyard. Basins with running water where the pupils can wash their hands are at one end, and some arrangement for heating food at the other. There is no assembly hall in the école communal, only this barren courtroom which serves for recreation instead of the open yard in stormy weather. The place has the disordered appearance of a storeroom with its pile of benches, chairs and folding tables heaped in one corner.

The ugliness of the school buildings, those high, high ceilings, steep stairs, windows that one cannot

look out of, the deep wainscoting burying one as in a coffin, the black aprons and blouses, the dead information, the crude propaganda poured in upon the mind, the lack of manual training, the lack of play,—all must cut to the quick the sensitive spirit of the children of this artistic race, and hold them to a narrow, self-centered nationalism full of threat to international understanding.

IV

NOURISHMENT FOR BRITISH CHAUVINISM

Before the Great War there were two steady influences in British education which fed national combativeness. One was the severity, I might better say, perhaps, the brutality of discipline in the schools, and the other was the cleavage in educational opportunity between the middle class and the workers.

The value of corporal punishment seemed almost a part of the national cult. I never heard that there was any criticism, for instance, of the implications of that part of the report from the Moseley Education Commission* in which Prof. H. E. Armstrong suggested: "There is a strange and indefinable feminine air coming over men in America. To put the matter in very simple terms, the boy in America is not being brought up to punch another boy's head, or to stand having his own punched in a healthy and

* The Educational Commission brought to the United States by Alfred Moseley, Esq., in October, 1903, was largely made up of representatives from the universities of Great Britain.

proper manner." This unfortunate condition, it seems, was due to having so many women teachers with their gentle discipline in the public schools. Without arguing the ethics of punching, a complete non sequitur against the professor can be urged, for American men did not show the white feather in the Great War and, to their credit be it said, in disasters in mines, at sea, in conflagrations they display self-sacrificing courage equal to that of the men of any country. There are hordes of women teachers in our schools, but they do not instill cowardice in their pupils. Professor Armstrong's chief, Mr. Moseley, believed that his native country had much to learn from the schools of the United States. His experience with American engineers in South Africa had led him to note their originality and peculiar alacrity, and he came to America to discover the root causes of such admirable characteristics. In his portion of the report, he says, "So far as I was able to ascertain, the form of education given in the United States is responsible for much of its success."

Just so, and in that "form" the tone is largely given by the feminine element in the teaching staff. The pre-war British schools, on the contrary, were dominated by the masculine idea of force and sever-

ity. But under harshness, originality and alertness were crushed out. A boy whose ears are boxed if he dare peep is not likely to be very original. The initiative which Mr. Moseley admires in our men was encouraged in the boys by the gentle discipline of women. What we are trying to grow in the schools is character, and harshness never was the atmosphere for fine fruitage. There is not a spot where men are so much formed by women as America; the mother plays a greater part here than in any other land, and what she leaves unfinished the schoolmarm completes. Our men are very peculiarly the product of women. Training, no doubt, has made the American man averse to war, but when faced by war, his philosophy was that of a sergeant who wrote from the Le Cateau sector, "It's hell, and we mean to fight like the devil, and finish it up quick."

No one unacquainted with the definable masculine air of the British schools, holding sway before the war, can form a conception of the part "punching" played in the educational curriculum. I had some years ago opportunity to note its quick reaction. One day when visiting a Board School in which I was interested, I came upon a teacher shaking with might and main one of the pupils before the entire class. The very next Sunday afternoon I saw in the

distance as I passed a recreation field one of the boys of that same class seize a much smaller boy by the hair and hammer his head against the iron paling. As I hurried towards him, calling to him to stop, he did not run away like a culprit, not at all, he stood his ground as a brave doer of deeds. The spirit within him shone out, he had high example on his side. After I had rescued the small boy, and supposed I had calmed the spirit of the fighting male, I suggested to the group that they play some game instead of fighting. I heard the bully, as I turned away, say in a whisper full of genuine horror to his companions, "Did you hear the laidy! Play a game and on Sunday!" Fagging and bullying among pupils, nicely prescribed corporal punishment by head masters and unauthorized attacks by teachers on their wards, often sustained in the courts, in the ultra-masculine pre-war days, nourished in the nation arrogance and a desire to rule by might.

And, as in France, in the days of the armistice, I still found in the schools of Great Britain exaggerated patriotic propaganda being poured on the defenseless children. On asking for some singing in a school where my nationality happened to be well known, I was somewhat taken aback to have the teacher call for a new song which had about it all

the old-time "Rule Britannia" spirit. At the close of the singing, the teacher turned to me and said, "Isn't that beautiful?" I praised the rendering of the song, and added, "But I felt somewhat left out." The teacher did not catch my meaning, but the children did, and caught it in full, for instead of singing some rampantly patriotic American song, they gave, at the suggestion of a child who called out its wish in a twinkling, as soon as I had spoken, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Nothing impressed me more in England than the genuine longing I found in pupils and teachers for knowledge, and the small opportunity they had to satisfy their thirst. In but one school did I find a library. It was a memorial to a little girl of the neighborhood. The children were reading the fairy tales, the Greek myths, poetry and science with avidity, and a teacher told me the Unabridged Webster's Dictionary in the collection she regarded "as her Bible." It seemed to me as if puritanism and the desire to discipline could never be escaped, when I learned that permission to read was reserved as a reward of merit. I urged that the mere desire to read be made the open sesame, as the defeated in an examination, the wayward in conduct, might need the salve to the spirit and the inspiration more than the

victorious and self-controlled. I refer to this example of curtailed opportunity because the thing most needed among the workers is well-informed leadership, a leadership capable of carrying its followers away from the asperities of contest and destructive competition into a calm harbor of interdependence and fruitful cooperation.

Lying close to the severity of discipline, and the small opportunities for culture, in their unhappy influence upon the population, is the fact that the state educational system in Great Britain, as on the Continent, is divided from top to bottom into two distinct and, no observer can fail to note, rival camps. On one side of the line of cleavage is the compulsory free system. At the bottom of the ladder is the Infant School taking children from five until seven. The Nursery Schools lie below this, and are open to children from two to five years, but as yet are mainly the result of voluntary effort though they are free and may enjoy under certain conditions a measure of state grants. The Elementary School carries the children on to fourteen and is followed by a certain number of continuation schools offering without fees two more years. This is the free school system patronized by the working class and small shopkeepers.

Parallel with this are the high schools supported by the fees of the pupils and state grants. They are under the public educational authorities and form an integral part of the state plan. I asked person after person for an explanation of the dual system and without exception got the reply that "it helped to bolster up class distinction." Those who can pay send their children to the high school which takes pupils from seven to eighteen years of age and prepares them to pass on to technical college or university. The parents who cannot afford to pay fees send their children to the free elementary schools. The teaching in the paid system is distinctly superior to that found in the free system, and is traversing in large measure the same ground. The only way for a poor boy or girl to enter the high school is by winning a scholarship after passing a prescribed examination on finishing the elementary school. Unfortunately, ability is not certain to be uncovered by an examination; an inventor, a scientist, a poet, might well lie buried after the harrowing. Scholarship pupils from the elementary schools complain that not only are they handicapped by the different ways in which they were taught in their early years, but that they have been deprived of subjects by which they are graded in the high school. French, for instance, is

not given at all in the elementary school and the scholarship pupil is turned back one year if not two to make up the deficiency. Jealousy is fanned to white heat between schools that should coordinate. I found the same ill feeling existing in France between the école communal and the lycée, and in Germany between the Volkschule and the Real Schule. It could but exist, it is a necessary product of a wholly indefensible system. With the growth of democracy in Europe is coming a challenge of this double method of state education. The demand for a unified plan grows as appreciation increases of the part the school may play in checking the ability of the people and misguiding its aspirations.

While severity of discipline instilled in the minds of children the idea that might stands above right, the cleavage in the educational system setting the schools of the masses and of the classes as things apart cultivated a spirit of revenge on the one side and arrogance on the other. Education has meant for Great Britain not so much cultural opportunity as training in characteristics equipping the nation for onslaught.

PART THREE

THE WILL TO HEAL

I

AS THE WORLD THINKETH IN ITS HEART

One day, as my brother, who had organized and actively carried out the private correspondence of the wounded at Neuilly Hospital, was leaving a ward, he met at the door the head surgeon who expressed to him surprise that a certain strong, healthy French peasant boy was making so poor a recovery. The doctor was told that several letters had been written for the young soldier to the village girl to whom he was engaged. The mutilated boy had offered not to hold his fiancée to her promise, but no reply had ever come from her. "Oh, that explains it all," exclaimed the surgeon. But unfortunately he could not amputate the young lover's thoughts as easily as he had his leg. The healer was near at hand, however, in the form of several letters which had been addressed incorrectly. The peasant girl would stand by her lover! The boy galloped to a recovery. Determination to live supplanted desire to die.

I have not told this story in order to sustain by a modern instance the assertion of Bacon that "the knowledge concerning the sympathies and the concordances between the mind and the body is fit to be made a knowledge of itself," not in order to cite an example of the truth now so widely accepted by the medical profession that it formed the theme of the inaugural address of a president of the Royal Medical Society of Great Britain. Dr. Clouston urged that "the brain cortex and especially the mental cortex have such a position in the economy that it has to be reckoned with more or less as a factor for good or evil in all diseases of every organ, in all operations, in all injuries." As little am I entering upon an argument to sustain the warning of the medical profession, that owing to the strain and excitement of the Great War there will be an enormous increase in nervous disease. My aim is to pass from the situation of the individual, from the relation of his mental excitements and bodily reactions accepted by the most orthodox and scientific of medical men, to pass from all this to the wider but no less certain applications of the laws of psychology.

The world cannot be other than the pre-war world, with the horror of a universal catastrophe added to

its ugliness, so long as it thinks as did that old world. As Marcus Aurelius puts it, "Our perturbations come only from the opinion which is within." The nations overstrained and rasped were never so carefully nursing their hatreds, never so loudly declaring taboo; and yet just as individuals cannot afford for their good health's sake to keep hate warm in the breast, and set limitations and negation on their fellows, so nations can as little afford to squander in that way their energies. It is a time for the restrained to pour oil upon the troubled waters. Peace and brotherhood are the "purest idealism" cries the opponent, whereas they are the most hard-headed of common sense. If ever sentimentality and mushy ideals took the reins and drove humanity over a precipice it was in the time of the Great War. Peace is not idealistic, it is plain "horse sense," it is businesslike. The world took to dreaming in 1914, it ceased to reason. The victors in 1918 had said they went forth to establish democracy, and yet not in a corner of the world has a people been left free to say what government it wishes to establish. At best, peoples may make choice of what may seem to them the lesser of two evils. The victors of 1918 went forth to dethrone militarism, and each and every one

of them is putting before its parliaments proposals for conscription. Is the Prussian ideal in defeat to conquer the mind of the world?

It is no more certain that our individual thought is a "factor for good or evil" than that the consensus of world opinion is a factor for good or evil in international relations. If nations hug the mistaken notion that in outstripping a neighbor in trade and keeping that neighbor poor, it will get rich itself, if they cultivate the opinion that rivalry and suspicion are necessary between country and country, leagues of nations will prove as much scraps of paper as did any treaty in the past. As the great Roman philosopher humorously reminded mankind, "Remember that it is a shame to be surprised if the fig tree produces figs."

It would seem in line with this wisdom, a "shame" to our intelligence to expect other than friction in international relations so long as the aristocratic principle of exclusiveness is accepted and secret agreements entered into. The fundamental emotions of peoples are no doubt simple and direct. In the future when nations shall have shaken off leaders who hold the contrary view, their natural instinct to avoid the intricate and complicated will have full

play. The interest of peoples is opposed to anything which "need walls and curtains."*

The true contributions of America to the world have been little regarded of late. Our genius lies not so much in our republican form of government as in an attitude of mind which enables diverse nationals to live in peace together. No one fans to a flame of antagonism their diversities. They find profit in their contrasts. America's triumph in internationalism must in time assuage the evil thoughts of the world. The second contribution of the United States is that federation makes for peace. Europe's hope was surely that our representatives might bring the great idea of confederation to their torn continent. But emphasis of contrast was encouraged in the minds of contending nations, and the idea of unity through diversity was lost. It was as if America's genius were swamped in the parochialism of Europe. The political achievement making for peace which humanity through centuries of painful effort had been pushing towards, was overlooked and instead

* Anyone desiring to know the effects of not having a Peace Treaty of "open covenants openly arrived at," should read that illuminating book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," by John Maynard Keynes, C.B., representative of the British Treasury at the Peace Conference.

of reaching unity in confederation, Europe was Balkanized from the Adriatic to the Baltic Sea.

When the peoples of the world passionately aspire to peace then they will cradle in the school all social aspirations, they will set free the reservoirs of protective instinct, and control the democratic channels of expression for their thought. Peace will then reign, for "any aim a living people aspires to, that aim it will infallibly attain."

II

THE SCHOOL OF TO-MORROW A ROAD TO PEACE

Only by being educated to right opinions can the next generation rise above the thoughts and convictions of the present which brought on the storm that wrecked civilization. If our youths in schools and colleges are led to belittle joy and beauty and exalt selfish conquest and commerce, if they are led to dwell too exclusively on the achievements and glories of their own country, if they are made a mere reservoir of information, and are not taught to question and reason, if they are not led to believe that international comity is a practical necessity, then war more terrible than the conflict through which we have passed will be our portion, and the world will be given over to barbarism. There must be remaking of the thoughts of men, and for that enterprise the master key is the school.

In therapeutic psychology there is a condition known as the vicious circle. The subconscious mind,

with its store of past impressions, lashes the conscious mind, alert to present realities, and the conscious mind in turn lashes the subconscious. Round and round the impressions go in a deep groove of their own making. In education there is a vicious circle. The prejudice of the adult generation fixes the school system for the next, and youth brings back to age from the classroom a sanction for the bias. It would no doubt be a pedagogical experiment as useful as happy, could a generation of parents and teachers be skipped and a generation of children left to educate themselves. The world would at least witness a marvelous florescence of play. The stiff-jointed, arguing from the necessities of their own bodily limitations and the inclinations of their puritanism of mind, have held such constant check on the free activity of children, that we cannot, I am sure, form any conception of the high development play would reach if youth were left uncurbed.

Nothing struck me more forcibly in England on my recent visit than the change in methods of school discipline. The severity of pre-war days was modified. I could not help believing the contributing cause of the marked change was the increase in the number of women teachers. While the man teacher was finding at the front full play for his

idea of persuasion by force, the woman substitute at home was demonstrating force by persuasion.

Great Britain seems no longer to throw down a gauntlet to the gentler ways of the American school. In fact, she outstrips us in our own art. I was deeply impressed by the unabashed way in which the boys in the elementary schools entered into the spirit of folk songs and round games. They acted their parts just as unconscious of self as the girls. They entered readily and with seriousness into the world of imagination. They were not hardened in foolish self-consciousness by hearing remarks that when awkward they were "so like boys," but led by example they were frankly human. Probably this liberating of the spirit of play in boys was due to unyielding necessity. The war had cut down school supplies in all sorts of unexpected ways, paper was scarce, plasterine scarce, wood, leather. By the end of the war the cupboards, usually full of the handwork of the children, were empty. There had been no paper for cutting and folding, no clay to mold into a bunny, no wood to spare for carpentry. Cricket bats and wickets were lacking, leather for new footballs for schoolboys could not be spared. Song and dance and merry round games called for no other equipment than the lungs and limbs of the

children. The elders had to stop thinking, "boys will be boys," and set boys free to be songsters and dancers with the lithest and blithest. The boy had to be unfettered for this new form of self-expression. Evidently the elders changed their opinion. Boys are now allowed to be graceful, and to "pretend," with charming seriousness.

This changed attitude towards the child, both as to its discipline and its right to play, was no doubt due in part to the universal recognition of the value of each child to the state. With a falling birth rate, with a death rate enormously raised through the annihilation of young men in battle, a sense of the worth of the coming generation is quickened in even the most unintelligent. Children are precious. Convince a nation that a thing is precious and it cares for it, guards it jealously, substitutes in handling it gentleness for harshness. The attitude of the teacher towards the pupil reflects the national change of heart. A most striking recent event in civil life in Great Britain was the passage of the Fisher education bill in 1918. It was foresight and wisdom that inspired parliament under the leadership of the president of the Board of Education, the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, to pass a law raising the compulsory school age, encouraging the establishment of Nur-

sery Schools, and giving power to local authorities to open at public expense summer camps and playgrounds for the children of the masses. Great Britain is awakening to the relation of the well-being of the child to the future well-being of the nation.

A distinct effort is made in the Nursery School to give a touch of beauty to the surroundings of its impressionable clientele. The toddlers, ranging from two to six years of age, find, when they begin climbing the educational ladder, a place bright with fresh paint, muslin curtains, gay pictures. The chairs and tables are suited to their size, and can easily be moved indoors or out as suits the fancy of the young monarchs. For each child there is supplied a folding canvas cot, resembling an army cot in miniature. After the hot midday meal, the children help bring out the cots, which are covered by clean, white, removable slips, and prepare for the afternoon nap. This period for rest is a rule as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Regularity and a full stomach soon conquer the sleeplessness of even the most nervous child. The mainspring of the group is, of course, the teacher, a lover of children, often a trained exponent of Froebel or Montessori. If by using these names I am giving an idea of a center fully equipped with modern appli-

ances, let me correct the false impression at once. The Nursery Schools are few and in the making. The war checked their spread. The voluntary efforts to establish them are as yet only supplemented by limited state grants. The funds are small and the equipment of the simplest, but the essentials are aimed at: first, little children must be well fed, and so the Nursery School provides wholesome food in sufficient quantity; the children must be clean and must have someone to look after their bodies, and therefore an attendant is provided; little children must have sympathetic leadership, and the Nursery School provides a suitable teacher as guide; little children should have, and the new schools aim to supply the needs, a light and airy playroom, and near at hand a court or garden. The toys are few and mostly improvised, but there is always something for the growing child to exert its strength and ingenuity upon. And I found the new note of friendliness, of love of children, was just as apparent in the elementary schools as in the classes for the tiny children. Will the twentieth century be the century of the child?

We get a hint of the possibilities of their era when we consider the battle children have put up, generation after generation, in defense of their right to

play. Their rebellion against tyrants is the most magnificent in history. It never dies down, it is always at white heat, and like other rebellions, it breaks out volcanically in centers of population. A baseball or cricket ground is improvised in any street. Outposts are thrown out to watch the movements of the enemy. Often, when the game is in full swing, the warning rings out, "Police," and the bats, and gloves, and ball are gathered in and the daring rebels rush pell-mell for the nearest corner. The heavy arm of the law having demonstrated its power to scare small boys, wisdom withdraws itself, and back comes youth again with muscles straining for activity. No stupidity in the old can kill in the young the determination to play. In the majority, the good of the exercise outweighs the injury from intrigue, only the few suffer from the lawlessness of the venture. The just will cast up the account of the small lawbreaker who gradually turns gangster against the visionless adult generation. Until at the elbow of each child there is opportunity to play quietly by himself and also in wide and vigorous comradeship with his fellows, the world will not be safe for its youth.

Play has a commanding rôle in the development of all animals. Human parents might learn a good

deal from cats. Tabby is a very wise mother. She knows the value of play, and even sacrifices her own anatomy to encourage the instinct in her young. She will patiently wave her tail about for the delectation of her kittens and permit it to be pounced upon. Sometimes when one of the offspring proves too rough, showing promise of being in the future a mighty Nimrod among mousers, she chastises the culprit and exclaims, remonstrating, "I'll give you to understand that's my tail, not a mouse!" But in fact, it is the idea of the mouse she wants to suggest. Through play she is training her young for their serious life work. When they are older she brings a mouse she has stunned and puts it in front of the kittens. It can run a little, not enough to startle them, but enough to interest them, to suggest play with this new sort of ball. I make bold to prophesy that some day we human mothers will be as wise. And there are young fathers, dapper young men, who will tie a string to the end of a cane, and dangle it by the half hour in front of a kitten's nose for the joy of seeing the circles it will race round, the jumps it will make, the somersaults it will turn in pursuit of the prey. Perhaps the young father will spend as much time in the future encouraging and protecting the spirit of play in his own child!

Fun is an instinct inherited by our children from the animals themselves. How far it reaches back I do not know. I was told by the wife of one of our greatest entomologists that in making the drawings of insects for her husband's books, she often found the humorists of a species. Under the microscope, lines on the tiny faces were discovered which she felt sure were grooved by a merry view of life. Be this as it may, we all know grasshoppers could not hop as they do, if they had not joy in hopping.

Once when visiting the racing stables at Kingsclere, Porter, the great trainer, in showing me about, told me, on my remarking how gently the horses were handled: "A man who swore wouldn't be allowed here. The horses must not hear a harsh word. It would ruin one of these high-bred creatures to get a blow." To my suggestion that parents and teachers could learn much from him, he looked as if I had accused him of some weak-mindedness, and in a tone of self-defense, said: "That's different. Children can't be dealt with that way," and then having defined his position, he added, smiling, as if a safe harbor had been reached, " 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' you know." Oh, Solomon, would that you had never been born, or had refrained from your counsel of unwisdom!

Since my wish that a generation of children might be relieved of parents and teachers is not realizable, the evil of their existence might be lessened were we to put the rising generation in contact with the accumulated race experience without comment or prejudice. It might be possible to show in a film the simpler processes of carpentry, and then with tools and materials placed at hand, leave the young people to work out their own desires. Children have proved their gift for self-government, and deserve an outlet as directors of their own education. They have been burdened with too many teachers who by talk make up for their deficiency in power to perform. There is much truth in the words of the philosopher, who said, "Persons teach what they can't do." I have never heard it suggested, but surely it might be well, if the deaf and dumb, alive with manual skill, worked with our children as that most precious of guides in all crafts, an exemplar. If parents and teachers were restricted in the pedagogic relation to youth to imparting only what they knew, and what they could commendably perform, children would be saved much rough sledging on by-paths and would have far more leisure to take their own direct course up the mountains of knowledge.

Each country, it seems to me, has some contribu-

tion to make to that future school, which will ensure sound national development, and international harmony. In France the children are given scope of self-expression in their drawing and design. In almost every school—and I am speaking of the école communal, the free schools attended by the children of the workers, from seven to thirteen years old—there is a special room for art work set apart. The primitive drawing found in British and American schools is not encouraged, but the child is never called on to copy from the flat as with us. Day by day he is led to see objects accurately and to acquire skill in translating what he sees to paper. All the older children can draw well. And in designing they are left practically free to carry out the problem set. This outlet into a world of beauty must be the safety valve in their life, otherwise so sadly suppressed. The children escape for several hours a week into the realm of imagination, and the degree of their joy is well shown in the amount of work they accomplish. Portfolios are stacked high, bursting with their products. They revel in their work. And the most severe of critics would say, "Well done."

The same artistic bent seems to affect the sewing courses. The dull making of practical garments is curtailed, and ready escape secured into artistic

stitches, drawn work, and embroidery. One teacher, a genius in presenting the needle as an art handicraft tool, evidently felt constrained to show me something practical and domestic. She displayed some very fine darning. I asked the class how many applied such darning at home. Not a girl moved. The teacher spoke with a touch of appeal, "You do, Marie." Marie bowed, but I thought, none too certainly. Marie, I felt sure, expended her time on something more artistic. Even the babies have deft fingers. They make paper flowers in the école maternelle which a much older Anglo-Saxon child could not accomplish. This artistic outlet throughout the school system, small and restricted, but to the French race so vital and important, saves the child from complete shipwreck. In the Palais Royale garden one Thursday afternoon, the holiday of the school week, I sat and watched the children at play. One group of boys and girls were looking at the statue of Camille Desmoulins. They began by imitating the pose of the orator. Then they moved a little way off, formed a circle spontaneously and each took a statuesque posture. In some, the pose was of exquisite beauty, in all, good. And then I saw their idea was to compete in holding for a length of time their positions. A little boy kept his pose the long-

est. One of the older girls went to him as if carrying a wreath and made the motion of laying it on his head. Where outside of France would one have seen such an expression in children of the love of art!

Quite as easy and natural to children as play is their desire to express themselves through speech. The baby early begins a syllable language of its own. Mme. Caroline de Barrau, one of the educationists of France in the eighties, wrote of some interesting experiences she had had with a small group of children. Three babies grew up in her home who had a French mother, an American father, and a German nurse. They heard French, English and German, and before they talked, the different baby syllables which they cooed to their three mentors had the characteristic sounds of the three languages. To the French-speaking mother, the child lisped in sounds that had a distinct French twist, while the father's English called out English echoes, and the German nurse heard in response to her mother tongue some fine guttural sounds. Mme. de Barrau relates that the children understood each other's syllables, and gives this illustration of her contention. One day when the second child, then about eighteen months old, kept protesting about something to his mother, the oldest child, on being ap-

pealed to for an explanation of the plaint, said, "Oh, he says his petticoat's unbuttoned."

Mme. de Barrau, from a rich linguistic experience, advised the fullest and most ready response to the child's supreme gift for acquiring languages. One of the bulwarks separating peoples is difference of speech. We cannot understand each other and so we suspect and dislike one another. No greater service could be rendered this unhappy world than to give its peoples a common language. The present time seems ripe for the decision as to which of the living languages shall be chosen, for I take it the consensus of opinion would never declare in favor of a dead language nor of an artificially constructed Volapük. Children rejoice in language. They acquire with the utmost ease whatever they hear, with an accuracy at times quite embarrassing to their elders. The age at which children enter the kindergarten is just the time at which the foundations of a foreign tongue can be quickly laid. The vocabulary is small, and the child is surrounded by companions as unembarrassed as itself in making errors. In two months the child would know the second language just as well as its own, and to hold the foreign tongue as a vehicle of speech would not need more exercise than the conducting in it of one of the school

subjects for general information. A common language would be the children's contribution to world peace.

I need hardly say that I am pleading for changes in the free schools of the world, for no educational betterment which fails to pass into the schools of the people is other than a luxury, and is rendered, however good in itself, a useless ornament by its very restriction. A common education for us all would save us from creating special classes who assume leadership, however little qualified they may be to lead, and would ensure a wider, firmer understanding in that all would have passed through at least one common experience.

Struggling as humanity is from the terrible consequences of international hates and fears, educators ought to be moved to search in the schools for some of the causes of disaster and endeavor to substitute a sounder pedagogy. If nations cannot avoid self-flattery and narrow interpretation in their own favor of their past relations with foreign powers, modern history might well be omitted from the school curriculum, and only ancient history taken up. After all, the chief value of history is to teach the child that although mankind has had a varied experience on earth, it is fairly sure to react in a certain way,

under given stimuli. If we succeeded in rousing the child's curiosity as to how a people earned its living, how it played, how it drew together in society, how it built up a government, if we succeeded in rousing its curiosity about the Greeks and Romans, let us say, we would have given the young student the historical basis of life. This history would have the advantage of following naturally after the stories of mythology that children so much enjoy, and it would calm national egotism to learn of the noble architecture of the Romans, the unsurpassed art and literature of the Greeks.

And knowledge of geography is largely a matter of curiosity aroused at the right moment. "Where is this place of which I am reading?" The necessary tool for satisfying the desire to know is an atlas. From a simple map of its schoolroom, achieved with compass and rule, the child has learned with joy, north, south, east, west, scale, position, and thus arrives with a globe at the importance of latitude, longitude, and relative size. By the time it can read, the child will understand what a map is, and will have learned how to look up in the atlas the position of the point about which curiosity centers. Many an adult who can rattle off from youthful memory every state and its capital,—utterly useless information, by the

way,—has not had the habit of curiosity formed in youth and floats along through current and interesting news in a mist of confused relations. Political geography, with its overemphasis upon the pupil's own country, is a distinct harm to the mind. International peace and comity demand that its study should be postponed. Children are curious about things. Cotton, where does that grow? Silk, where do we get that? Through the products of the earth, the child will master the physical globe. Curiosity will teach it the facts, and its own sound common sense will lead it to a wise conclusion as to the dependence of nation on nation. The child will convert the world to peace through a vivid conception of self-interest.

Above all, the education of the future will teach children to think, and through this acquisition will come in adult life a demand for full freedom of speech and press. This will be a service of peculiar value, for advancement in philosophy and ethics, in politics and economic theory and practice, in art and science, can only be ensured where each individual citizen is not only protected in, but urged to exercise, his right to think and to publish his opinion. The progress and security of a state are more endangered by cutting off avenues of enlightenment

through a general taboo, than they would be by public advocacy of an unsound doctrine. The risk of killing a single creative idea is an unqualified evil to a progressive people. As in the animal and vegetable world a species has under normal conditions its enemy to hold it in check, so in the world of thought, ideas left free to balance power against power reach a sound equilibrium.

Children, then, should be taught the technique of using their brains. Misery results, in the majority of cases, through inability to weigh evidence and draw a conclusion. Information poured into the mind, as in the schools of to-day, trains us to look at life as a mass of disjointed facts, and balks the longing for truth which youth naturally possesses.

What a garret of rubbish our heads are! It is like a fresh breeze when one encounters a teacher who aims to make her pupils use their powers of observation, of comparison, of drawing a conclusion from facts. Some two or three occasions of such supremely fine pedagogic work have made an indelible impression upon my memory. I shall always remember the group of school children I found with their teacher at Bramley in the Isle of Wight reasoning from the scenes depicted on the mosaic pavements in the Roman remains, as to the time of the Latin occupation.

Dates became to the pupils a merry game, and logic a gleeful pastime. And botany, which can fall to a level of dreariest detail, I found a living, thrilling voyage of discovery in the Basingstoke High School for scientists in their teens. Step by step the problem was set, step by step interested girls had by unflagging effort reached their own conclusions through experiment in the laboratory. They were discoverers of truth, original workers. To them the path was as if it had never been trod before. They blazed the way in science, and answered the question as if it had never been answered, "Do leaves give off water vapor?"

Ruskin states in "Præterita" as a fact worthy of mention, that he was able to change the lettering on a figure in Euclid and yet demonstrate the problem. We smile at his naïveté. The greatest lesson I was ever given in mathematics was presented by Maria Mitchell, the well-known astronomer and professor at Vassar College, when, tapping her forehead in the center with one finger and definitely just above the eyebrows, she said, "See it there, hold it there, the worse you draw it on the blackboard the better." The future will undoubtedly free children from the dreary masters of written arithmetic and will open to them by the suggestion, "See it there, hold it

there," the eternal verities. I have a scientific friend who declares that all our excess of commercialism and lack of appreciation of values come from our early training in arithmetic. We drive into the child's mind regard for the quantitative to the exclusion of the qualitative. He is so drilled to the notion that one apple and one apple equal two apples, that he comes to regard the apples as equal, quite oblivious to the fact that one may be large and juicy, the other small and wizened. My friend holds that the arithmetically trained person feels he divides fairly when he gives one apple, the wizened one, away to another arithmetician and keeps the second apple for himself. Whether my scientific friend is correct or not in his contentions, it is true that the hours given to dealing with number could be greatly curtailed. If any American will take the trouble to compare one of our textbooks with an English and a French arithmetic, I think he will recognize how much more quickly the French and how much more slowly the English pupil arrives at the core of the subject. The English, with their complicated money added to our complexity of weights and measures, send their children into a wilderness of quantitative calculation. It would wipe out useless barriers to international understanding and make school life more practical

and inspiring were money and measurements standardized for the world.

Throughout the school system literature will play a larger part in the future. The scholars in the free schools will know the beauties of their literature and will know how to speak their language. I was amazed in meeting American Army officers in Europe, at the close of the Great War, to find how many murdered the King's English in every sentence they uttered. They had spent time no doubt picking a drama to pieces and parsing its sentences, and not a moment letting its beauties of form rest on the ear. A young woman of my acquaintance lost in one of the best high schools all taste for literature. She hated books and reading. Her guardian attended the class in literature to see if she could trace the cause. Throughout the hour the professor and his pupils mauled Browning. From the professor down, no one read with understanding and feeling a line of the poet, but his parts of speech and figures were dissected and analyzed to a nicety. The professor was full of regret that he had failed to interest the guardian's ward and recommended that during the summer holiday, reading should be laid aside. The taste would revive in time, he felt sure. The guardian fortunately devised a different line of attack. There was being

given in London at the time a series of Shakesperian revivals. The wise guardian took tickets for every play, and suggested to her ward that since one could follow a drama with greater pleasure, if it had been read beforehand, that she would read them aloud to her young charge. She herself could read aloud well, and she determined to put into those plays of Shakespeare her best effort. Verbs and nouns, metaphors and similes were never referred to, but she carried home the beauty of thought and language to thirsty ears. After the first successful start was made, the play read in full, and witnessed at the Lyceum Theatre, she ventured to break away in reading the second play at a critical point and postpone the finish until a later hour. When she returned, her interested ward, as she had anticipated, had finished the last act to its final scene herself. "She couldn't wait." The ability to read aloud, read with accuracy, understanding, and with feeling for the niceties and beauties of the language should be the first possession of any teacher of literature. The hold the late Professor Hiram Corson had on the students of Cornell University lay in his power to demonstrate by his superb reading the greatness of literature rather than to discourse on its merits.

With schools as they are, there is little hope of

attaining a plane where the emotions of the people will be found back of the machinery for international peace. For instance, soldier after soldier, young officer after officer, while declaring to me that he would do anything rather than go to war again, yet held that no method could be devised to make nations bring their disagreements into court. Many said they "didn't want any league with England anyhow." They took up this position in their high school days, I found. That was the way Revolutionary history had been taught to them. They had never been given the thrilling story of how the English people were fighting in parliament the same King George III as the Americans. By an utterly perverted presentation, generations of schoolgirls and boys in the United States have learned that the Revolution was a revolt of the Colonies against the people of England, instead, as in truth it was, one wing of the rebellion of the people on both sides the ocean against the British Crown. The ignorance of the adult generation remains to becloud the understanding of youth.

It is a fact worthy of note that in the various platforms and programs of Socialists, Labor Parties and of Trade-Union congresses, much less emphasis is laid on education than the supreme importance of

the matter demands.* Converting the adult is so absorbing that how he came to need converting is too often ignored. Money and energy are spent ungrudgingly to increase membership in a Union here, to draw adherents to a Labor Party there,—while teaching is permitted in the schools fixing the child in unsocial habits and the rankest individualism. Now I am not advocating a labor or socialist propaganda inside the school, I only wish to point out that there is a propaganda there already which should be eliminated. Adults are too limited in knowledge, too poor in rich emotions, to devise a mold suitable for the plastic minds of children. Let us try to give the undisputed truths of life. The child is alive with interest in the things about it,—in birds and flowers. Let us aim to make the realities speak. If we touch history, let us put it far enough away to escape the slime of our prejudices. The child loves

* This statement was challenged by several persons who read the proofs of this book, but I have found no reason to make a qualification. For instance, one of the most progressive educational programs is that of the Workmen's Educational Association. Free high schools, school meals, playgrounds are demanded, and protest is made against "half-time" education and the size of classes, but nothing is said against the curriculum itself. By implication one could but conclude that the subjects taught and the method of teaching them were satisfactory. I have never heard of any working-class organization sending a delegation to study conditions in the schools.

music, let us open the door to harmony. Above all, let us give the child full command of its own body, its own senses. It must be ready in dance and game, in handling tools, and shaping materials. It must feel at each step the infinite joy of work. Strong of body, clear of thought, free of mind, it will create the new world which humanity was promised as the outcome of the Great War.

Perhaps nowhere are we so occupied "converting the adult" that we neglect opportunity to guide the child, as in sex questions. On the subject there is a conspiracy of silence in school and college. Right education upon this matter which so deeply affects the happiness and well-being of the race cannot begin too early. Children will not await adult curriculums to acquire a questioning turn of mind, nor will they break off their general custom of leaving school early, and remain on in high school and college to get enlightenment. With honest answers to youth's curiosities, and sympathetic teaching of life's facts through some science, the child would come to the grammar school ready to grasp the hygienic need of exercise, games, the dance, and the individual's responsibility to the race as parent. And in the high school and college the social relations of sex should be part of the required course. No

young man or woman should escape being brought face to face with full consideration of the evolution of marriage through polygamy to monogamy, and the relation of prostitution to the individual, to the family and to the state.

The human race awaits the new education. Darwin and his emphasis on heredity have given place to belief that environment molds character. Education rises to the place of supreme moment, it forms the child, it determines the future life of the nation, it writes international relations in harmony or discord.

III

LABOR'S ROAD TO PEACE

In the Royal Robing Room of the House of Lords I sat on March 14, 1919, not to witness a state ceremonial but a session of the Coal Enquiry Commission, a moving and human drama indicative of the spirit of the times. At the head of the T-shaped table sat the chairman, Justice Sankey, to his left at the table running at right angles were the representatives of the miners appointed by the government and by the trade-unions, across from them were the representatives of the mining interests. The quiet and order were impressive. The chairman, witnesses and questioners spoke in low tones. They cut at times very near the quick of things, but there was no outcry or turmoil. The scene was typically British. Calm invariably reigned. Every one had self-respect and respect for others, good manners prevailed. My notes read:

It was wonderful to think that with Great Britain on the brink of a paralyzing strike opposing forces could

with such self-control diagnose the difficulties. Everything is dignified and restrained, but not wooden. The proceedings are informal to a degree. The chairman never obtrudes his authority. One of the Commission is as slow as he pleases in questioning a witness, is clumsy, tangles his points, still he rambles on and on and is only gently stopped when unfair. It was but an indication of the light rein used by the chairman that when members were urging that this witness and that be called, his only guidance was, "We must report on May 20." A wonderful exhibition by all of patience, self-control, calm in face of danger.

Mr. Stracher, the secretary of the Northumberland Miners, presented his plan for giving the miners a share in the control of the business. A coal owner questioned him. It is plain the two are poles apart:

Coal-owner: Suppose, Mr. Stracher, the miners had all they ask for in the way of better houses, shorter hours, higher wages, would they be satisfied then?

Stracher: No, we want our freedom.

Coal-owner: Freedom? I have never been free in all my life.

Stracher (with an unforgetable side glance at his questioner): Oh? I know nothing about that.

Coal-owner: But, Mr. Stracher, suppose your houses were of the best, the hours cut down, your wages all you demand, wouldn't you be satisfied?

Stracher: No, we want our freedom, we want to be part of the control.

Coal-owner (throwing himself back in his chair, apparently quite honestly puzzled): Well, I don't understand you.

I always left the sitting of the enquiry with a conviction that the British labor movement had been permeated with many of the ideas of the National Guilds, and that the capitalists had not been reading.

To state that "labor is irritable, unreasonable, indifferent to the interests of the community, inefficient," is merely to enumerate symptoms.* The pith of the matter is the question, Why is labor showing such and such shortcomings? Can the disease of unrest be healed? Has society the will to heal? Where lies the cause? What can bring about a cure? In the past, perhaps, the manual worker was more content and happy. His joy grew largely from his surroundings. It was not inward philosophy, but outward reality that brought happiness. He was much of an individual, he owned his tools and his output. He was a

* It may be that we are seeing the beginning of the end of the wage system. But as the change from the old to the new will probably be slow in Anglo-Saxon countries, and the likelihood of decay and bankruptcy on the continent about equal to that of revolution, modest suggestions of remedies may not be futile.

craftsman and work was a creative joy. In the twentieth century he has not only lost ownership in his tools, but control of his output. He has become a cog in a wheel. Pedagogues tell us that young pupils need the spur of ownership to make them conscientious in care of school books, that they need the sense of final possession of the object to lead them to saw and plane to full advantage at the workbench. The adult out in life responds to similar stimuli. As his crafts dropped away from him, and he became a "hand" in the factory, the worker did not know why he was full of discontent, nor did his master. Labor and capital bickered and lashed each other. But in the last half century a new factor has entered in—schooling free to the workers. Education gave at least a peep into the garden of knowledge. The workers at one time only felt ill at ease, now they know in a measure the cause of the ailment, and the will to heal moves them.

For years labor demanded only shorter and shorter hours, higher and higher wages. It was thought that satisfaction in life lay that way, but happiness remained divorced from work. To attain joy in one's labor has become in Europe a more or less conscious aim, while in America it remains largely a matter of academic discussion among dev-

otees of Ruskin and Morris. The eyes of the European worker are opening and while not underestimating the value of high wages, short hours, sanitary housing, he echoes Mr. Stracher's refrain, "No, we want our freedom, we want to be part of the control." When I went to England one of the questions which I wanted answered was how far the teachings of G. D. H. Cole had bored into the labor movement. I found that the National Guild theories had permeated the thoughts of the people, just as syndicalist ideas had spread and intensified in France.

Mr. Stracher's words carry with them not only a warning for the employer but, if consideration is given to the matter, compelling suggestion for the woman worker.

Control in industry will, no doubt, be increasingly shared with the workers. The form of present-day exclusive capitalistic management is showing itself to be unworkable. Through shop-committees and like forms of democratic control, organized labor is taking part in business management. Now if this form of determining the conditions ruling in economic life is destined to develop (and who that is capable of reading the signs of the times can doubt the certainty of such development?) then membership in a trade union becomes a necessity to any group of workers

which desires to be an intelligent, direct and effective force in the control of its own occupational life. The supreme concern of women workers, if they hope to enjoy self-determination, is to become vital and active in the trade-union movement. It would, indeed, be an irony of fate if, after having battled for political self-government, the woman, through lack of power in the trade-union world, failed to attain self-determination in her industrial and business life.

It is most unfortunate that at this crisis the women in gainful pursuits are so heavily weighted with the patronage of their sisters of the leisure class; for the tendency of the latter, since they have no entrée themselves to trade unions, and yet quite naturally wish to maintain their benevolent guardianship over their adopted, one might almost say forcibly adopted, wards,—the tendency is, I say, to substitute for trade-union organization, the easy course of legislative protection. This is in direct contradiction to the interests of the woman worker, for if she is to play a part in the new forms of democratic control she will have to turn to labor organization rather than to legislative control. It is not one whit less dangerous for women of leisure to assume to speak for and lead self-supporting women, than it would be for workingmen to have as spokesmen and

leaders men of the capitalistic class. The woman of leisure draws the workers where she herself can go, and that is away from unionism and towards legislatures. If such leadership continues, the self-supporting woman will discover that she has escaped from the political domination of men only to find herself under their complete economic domination. A share in the democracy of industry is no less a self-protection than a share in the democracy of government.

To return to the general argument, the demand on the part of labor for a share in control is reasonable, it bears the earmarks of the ordinary human emotions of women as well as of men, and if society drops back with "I don't understand you," instead of bestirring itself and trying to understand commonplace human psychology, then an ailment will be turned into a plague. The normal reactions of average human beings cannot be waved aside by theories that have no anchorage in facts. A man or woman does not respond like a fatted ox to comfortable quarters and good food, but, much to the consternation of the master, insists upon discussing the yoke worn and the load drawn. To have a word in the management is extraordinarily soothing. I am quite sure it is solely because they are complete bosses in their do-

mestic realm that housewives are willing to pursue, with so little complaint, the exacting toil of the home with its interminable hours and lack of financial remuneration. The state of being a dictator, unchallenged and unafraid, glorifies the condition for the satellite of the dinner pot and cradle. Even an old servant free to go elsewhere, and get higher wages and an easier place, remains where by skilful manipulation she has brought under her broad and executive thumb a pliant and grateful master and mistress. Drudgery is changed to exhilarating work by the miracle of sharing in council. Helping to design the yoke for our own neck makes it less galling.

With this key to the labor situation, recent developments in Europe are illuminated, and possible solutions suggested. The modification of orthodox trade-union governance to the newer form of collective bargaining through shop-stewards and workshop committees are entirely in line with the facts of human nature. The workers want to concern themselves with the direct management of their occupation. The trade union has been rather distant, and somewhat separated from the laborer's actual experience. The shop-steward and workshop committee are close at hand. Daily contacts are possible. The

individual worker sees a direct and vital way of being part of the control.

This drive on the part of labor as a whole has been along lines of will to power, and only in lesser degree inspired by an impulse to achieve joy in work. It is possible that active participation of women in the unions would change the emphasis. But up to the present, the workers have been so corrupted on the one hand by the aim of the employing class to increase output and compete for foreign markets, and, on the other hand, by the insistence of their own leaders that full satisfaction could be attained by leisure reached through short hours and high wages, that the evangel of joy in work is unknown to the majority. It was interesting that M. Arthur Fontaine, director of the ministry of labor in France, expressed to some members of an Industrial Commission of American women that he had not seen the passage of the Eight Hour Law by the Chamber of Deputies and Senate with unqualified pleasure. He, of course, deprecated sweating in all forms, and welcomed any restriction which would check it, but he feared the shorter working day under our present system would lead to speeding up machinery, the abandonment of the long pause for the midday meal and rest now universal in his country, and the serious

curtailment of hand industries. It gave hope of a saner future to find that an official in a western government could to-day take so Ruskin-like and human a view. It is only necessary to stand in any great factory in France, and note how slowly the machinery moves, how the operative has to manipulate the object to meet the two or three processes carried out on the one machine, to realize the force of M. Fontaine's fear of "speeding up." It seems exaggerated, but it is no less true to say it would outrage the genius of a people. The Frenchman is artistic, his whole being revolves about art, it is the vital spark of his nature. The slow-running, unspecialized machine leaves the worker the joyous sense of modifying, manipulating the material in his hand. To the Frenchman the machine is a tool; to the German, the American, the Britisher, an automatic invention of which he is part. No less did I appreciate the force of the warnings of the director of the ministry of labor when I visited the domestic workshops in Paris. Let me quote from my notes:

Visited Mme. Genevieve V. at — rue St. Antoine. Her home was in an old and dirty tenement house with circuitous stairs and bridges joining one house with another. Mounted three flights, descended a short flight to a gallery, up again another flight and was at her door.

Men and women cheerily directed me from their windows as I passed by. All were busy at some hand occupation. As I looked about me from my coign of vantage on the top gallery, I saw quaint wicker bird-cages at the windows, and gay plants, and heard the tink-tink of metal work, and the heavy tap of the batten of a loom. Most of the windows were very silent, at them sat women embroidering. Mme. V.'s was a tenement of three rooms. The first room, which gave direct on the landing, served as the dining-room. A rough table and a few cane chairs constituted the furniture. There was not a touch of beauty. I met first the voluble aunt who does the cooking, and a girl of fourteen seemed to be helping who was said to be a niece. Mme. V. was a large frowzy woman of twenty-eight or so. Dark, with very dirty woolen dress. The baby was ill in its cradle, the little girl of four was wandering about, tranquil and pasty. She and the baby seldom get out as the mother works from 5 a.m. to 11 p.m. She employs an embroidery helper from the country who comes in each day and works eight hours. Her pay is one franc an hour. She was dressed in black, looked neat, but did far inferior work to Mme. V.

Mme. V. said she did not send the little girl to the école maternelle because she would get measles, mumps, whooping-cough. At home she caught nothing. The aunt told me with great gusto that the little thing was devoted to American soldiers. The child had said she

was going to marry one some day, and when the aunt suggested she would go along to America with her and do the cooking, the small thing replied: "No, you must stay here with mama. I want to go off with him alone."

Mme. V. and her helper were setting up a piece of black chiffon on the embroidery frame. After they had basted the design on, with deft fingers, very smoothly, and stretched it skilfully by attaching it on all four sides, they began to embroider in heavy black floss. They both sat at the same frame and embroidered from opposite ends towards each other. Mme. V. worked more quickly and more smoothly. They said when it came to the beads it would be much slower, and that the small piece they had mounted after I came at 3 p.m. would take them to finish "the rest of to-day and to-morrow." The women worked in the bedroom at the back of the tenement "because they could get better light on the embroidery frame." The kitchen was between the two rooms, dark and dirty, without a window, but the aunt was carrying on there some most savory cooking. Mme. V.'s husband is a soldier stationed at the war office, and not yet demobilized. She said the employers who give out the work make much money, the workers very little, "but," she added resignedly, "it is always that way."

She and her helper said they enjoyed the work. They acted as if they did. They told me with evident pleasure where they learned their occupation, and showed me

with pride some of the embroideries they had recently finished. Mme. V. handled the exquisite specimens of her skill in the spirit of the true artist. She showed the emotion of the creator of a beautiful thing. She knew I could not buy anything, the handicrafts were being opened to me only on that understanding. She was a producer of beauty showing her art to some one who appreciated it. She went into the technicalities, just how the frame was set up, how she got this effect, how that, with genuine enthusiasm. I was in the presence of a rare person, a worker who took joy in her work.

As I went about visiting domestic workshops, I do not think I once failed to note dirt and disorder where they existed, to estimate fully the long hours and under pay, but none of these disadvantages seemed to outweigh the supreme good to the individual in finding happiness in functioning on labor. In my notes describing home work and the small ateliers where artistic specialties are produced, occur again and again such expressions as "Work individual, done very deliberately. No hurry." "Each worker labored with evident pride in her work. Worked slowly and with dignity." "The work is very beautiful and the men and women are self-respecting and take time to do it well." I discussed very fully my impressions and conclusions

with Mlle. Marguerite Bourat who is an Inspectrice du Travail dans l'Industrie. Mlle. Bourat is exceptionally well fitted for her office, both by character and education. She knows industrial France thoroughly, and she is broad-minded and understands the genius of her people. After deciding to take up labor work she went to England to study, and is a graduate of the London School of Economics. She is typically French, artistic to her finger tips, and is as desirous as M. Fontaine to preserve the peculiar gifts of the nation. She feels that more thorough inspection under the law would do away with unsanitary conditions in the domestic workshops and regulate hours. The shops under her jurisdiction I found clean and well ventilated. She is deeply interested in all efforts to train the worker in the fundamentals of a trade. She had visited America and had noted that in some of our trade schools the pupils are taught, for instance, to make flowers, but are given no drawing and design. She helps the women with whom she comes in contact in her inspection to secure fundamental artistic training, and is active in encouraging the many schools which employers have established to train apprentices in the beautiful handicrafts of France.

Peoples have been waging war to make the world

safe for democracy; in the future they may wage peace to make the world safe for individuality. France is the battle front for both conflicts. Artistic France with her widespread system of domestic occupations stands facing more than Germany as a foe. She faces the whole western world with its highly specialized machine industries. The artistic center of the continent is threatened by the material efficiency of the factory. Can France be protected from the onslaught? It is here that the spirit of France may be destroyed. A distinguished Frenchman in discussing with me the extreme individualistic influence of the schools, said: "We are egoists and as a nation believe in the rights and power of the individual. If a person has a 'flair,' we believe in giving it scope whether it be good or bad." The genius of France is an atmosphere of freedom for the expression of the individual talent. As I discussed this matter with private persons, and with officials I found full recognition of the contribution France can make to civilization. Among these true lovers of France there was criticism as strong as any I could make of the leaders who would draw their country into foreign commercial rivalry and colonial imperialism. The will to heal false ambition asserts itself. Just as France led the world in passionate

devotion to political freedom in the eighteenth century, so in the twentieth century it may be her mission to stand for the liberty of the individual as worker to be himself, to control his productive powers, to secure joy in functioning on daily work. The battle will be keener, calling for greater sacrifice than did the conflict for political liberty. If France is vanquished, if she gives herself to cut-throat rivalry for foreign markets, if she becomes with her neighbors one vast whirring factory, if she helps to add to humanity's burden of ugly, cheap and nasty things, then indeed her ancient enemy across the Rhine will have proved her conqueror.

The chief problem of the nations which have highly developed factory systems, is not, as in France, how to defend individual gifts. Automatic machinery, highly specialized operations, are accomplished facts in Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic countries. It seems unreasonable to expect that we shall escape our destiny to make pins for the world. The standardized product will perhaps remain the acme of our ambition. The problem for the worker then is how in such a world to make dull toil a pleasure. It is a problem not to be escaped. It must be solved, since for free men it is a thing hideous and unbearable to spend their working lives functioning on un-

congenial drudgery. It is a hideous nightmare, receiving no sanction because it grips the globe, that men look upon happiness as a thing attainable only after working hours. Accepting, then, as axioms that in modern industry the worker cannot individually own his own tools or the product of his labor, that he cannot work as he pleases and when he pleases, that he must be part of a socialized system, a cog in the unified effort of wheels within wheels, are there possible avenues to joy in work which might be opened to the factory hand?

Uncompromising as I am in my detestation of the factory system, I have recognized it as a human obsession so likely to persist through many a generation, that I have centered my best thought on how to extract under its evil dominion, joy in work for the average man and woman. First, then, knowledge is an unvarying element of joy. If one deals with wheels it is a pleasure to know why they go round. The children of the Vikings could sail a boat; our children should understand the mechanics of a spinning wheel. It is to court unhappiness for the Lancashire cotton weaver to be unable to "tune" her machine. In knowledge of the raw materials used, of products produced in local industries, the children should be past masters. The young revel in concrete

things near at hand, and upon this immature knowledge could rest the deeper understanding and abiding satisfactions of the adult worker. On taking up paid work the load of even the dullest drudgery can be lightened by a study and comprehension of the business as a whole with which one is connected. Knowledge of the details of the trade, and then knowledge of commerce, of markets, should be part of the equipment of every adult. The laborer is not a dumb brute, and the animal satisfaction of a mule will not keep him unrebellious in the treadmill.

It is because through knowledge lies one of the avenues to human joy, that a shorter working day is of importance. In the first place the worker must have time to study, and in the second manual labor carried beyond a certain point limits the power to use one's brain. The nice balance of work for body and mind the labor movements of the future will recognize as a matter of highest concern. To secure a short working day at the lathe and use the leisure won on the cricket field or baseball diamond, may leave the thinking machine a broken down affair. Educationists in experimental schools have reached conclusions not unworthy the attention of the manual worker. It is no more true that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, than that all play and no

work renders him a fool. I have seen the program in a school rendered impossible on its intellectual side, by too much or too heavy manual work, and I have seen an intellectual program which seemed too exacting carried easily the moment suitable manual work was added to the particular pupil's time-table. And we need to be set free from our mistaken notion, which comes from overvaluing the idleness of the rich, that recreation is found alone in unproductive leisure. A change of work is often quite as recreative as play. In any case it is necessary for the manual worker to use his brain when off factory duty if he is to conquer that greatest of blessings, interest and enjoyment in the work by which he earns his living. Not only through knowledge of the processes with which he deals, but through actual sharing in the management of the business will he attain his end. "Lazy ignorance," as Sidney Webb says, handicaps the worker. Stupidity cannot be permitted at the helm.

From a long interview with my old friend, J. A. Hobson, the English economist, I brought away a very definite impression of solicitude lest labor should miss its opportunity through intellectual indolence to solve its problems wisely. To quote from my notes:

He felt that adjustments might come by way of Whitley Councils* and Industrial and Trade Boards. These might be mere sops, or stepping-stones to sound democratic control. He emphasized that labor must not expect to take part in business management unless it was ready to "work its brains." If it is too lazy to think it will "have to be subordinate." If its "power to use its brain is inferior then it cannot take a place of equality in control." Mr. Hobson spoke confidently of the excellent work of the Whitley Councils. He considers that in some form they will have to go on for the big body of unorganized workers at least. He regretted that the Councils were so unpopular with the trade unions, and felt that if the unions "had more information they would have less suspicion." The reluctance of trade-union leaders to join a meeting where the employers are found is reasonable, he felt, only so long as "labor is slow to use its brain."

In Mr. Hobson and Mr. Webb speak two of the sincerest supporters of British trade unionism. They are friendly critics. I believe their advice will be followed. With determination to assume part of the control of industry will go a passionate devotion to

* The popular name for the Industrial Councils which were first mapped out in the Interim Report submitted in March, 1917, by the Sub-Committee on Relations between Employers and Employed of which J. H. Whitley was chairman.

knowledge. It surely is suggestive that just at the time when the workers are reaching out towards industrial control in England, a sturdy movement like that of the Workers' Educational Association should have taken root and borne rich fruit. Checked by the war though it was, this inspiring movement to unite the universities and labor organizations in a great effort to carry knowledge to the workers has been crowned with signal success. The strong set of the current towards sources of culture sustains the idea that there is no inherent reluctance on the part of the workers to "use their brains." If support for that faith were needed it is found in the amazing success of the British Cooperative movement with its network of retail distributing stores covering the country, with its factories, fleet of ships, and its holdings in foreign lands for the production of raw materials. Such accomplishments are monuments to the ability of the average man; for no great leaders have risen during the development of the Society's business achievements. The outstanding lesson of the Cooperative movement seems to be that the ordinary, average worker is equal to running big business. So striking is the result that one is forced to believe that even the orthodox "big business" does not depend, as the public is led to believe, so much on

the leadership of a superman as upon the common sense, average skill, and reliability of its ordinary "hands."

It seems well within the range of possibility that dreary toil may rise to the level of a duty well performed, if the worker has full knowledge of the relation of his effort to the life about him and enjoys his fair weight in the direction of industrial affairs.

Meantime every agency will have to push with earnestness the things which quicken the power and the love of work. Distaste for work, "lying down on the job," is one of the deepest scars left by the war. All workers have been injured. The trouble is not confined to any one class. The salaried man thinks he can escape his burden, if Germany is made to pay the indemnity. The wage earner believes if wealth were only distributed evenly all would have enough. But however fairly wealth may be distributed, however exactly indemnities are paid, the world is poor. Shuffling of the cards cannot make it otherwise. There have been four years of incessant, of stupendous destruction. To save the situation we must produce to the limit of energy. But to what purpose? To lay up treasure to be destroyed in another war?

That is the final question which has to be answered

before men and women will throw themselves with vigor upon their tasks. They must feel certain that the fruit of their toil will be harvested. Productivity demands assurance of international peace, and full share of the workers in the control of economic life.

IV

FREEING THE PROTECTIVE INSTINCT

If humanity is to escape the vicious circle of accumulating weath only to dissipate it in violence, of building up population only to annihilate it in war, the protective side of life must be not only liberated but definitely encouraged. There is nothing that more poignantly illustrates the lack of this protective instinct in men than the fact to which I referred in the section, "The Aftermath of War," where I spoke of having met not a single man who had taken part in the war and had escaped unscathed, who, while declaring that he himself would never go into another war, yet did not regard future warfare as inevitable. In other words, while all were of fixed purpose to save themselves from the results of international conflict, they were not determined to save their sons. The side lights are innumerable, illuminating the fact that the paternal qualities do not include any element highly protective in character. Men do not think of the next generation as their

children. The point I am arguing receives illustration in primitive religions. It is the father, not the mother, who offers up the child as a sacrifice to appease the gods. Admirable and highly necessary as the leading paternal characteristics may be for the evolution of any species, a simple and direct instinct of protecting the young is feeble if not lacking.* Upon the mother falls the unswerving fulfilment of that duty.

It is a fact not to be challenged that in the free associations of women there is emphasis of cooperation rather than competition. Take the British Federation of Women's Institutes, for instance, with their declared object of uniting "country women" for "mutual help." While one institute manages a cooperative laundry, another a creamery or egg depot, a third purchases expensive labor-saving devices such as knitting machines, canners and vacuum cleaners for the common use of the members. The far-flung institute movement works to bring teacher and

* This is painfully illustrated in the Covenant of the League of Nations. In Articles XVI and XVII the "severance of all trade or financial relations" is to be the weapon to enforce peace. A conference solidly male substitutes the economic blockade for military action, instituting in that way the most deadly attack upon children. The adult male of the future proposes to fight with an instrument which hits the child first, last and always.

parent together and cultivate the best purposes of the school by bringing united thought to bear on medical inspection, water supply, sanitation, and such ensurers of health as school meals and gardens. And community interest is the corner stone of the work of the more widespread and still more powerful Women's Cooperative Guild, the great drive of which at present is toward national care for maternity and solution of the pressing problem of housing. The deep, impelling motive of women is care for the race. It seemed to me as I watched the proceedings of the International Conference of various pacific groups of women at Zurich in May, 1919, that it was easy to trace the underlying impulse of maternal instinct in the unanimous vote of the delegates from allied and associated nations for a resolution calling for the lifting of the blockade in the interest of the health, the lives of enemy children. This was a brave challenge for the mother to the fighting male of his right to use the miseries of her ward as a lever for his will to power.

I do not wish to push the point further, as my object is merely to draw attention to the fact that the peculiar contribution which women have to make towards achieving and rendering secure any given plane of civilization is along the line of their gifts in

sheltering the race. Each sex has its special duty to society, and I am asking that woman's supreme guardianship over life itself be given fuller and freer play.

When it has once been accepted that upon the mother must fall the protective duty towards not only her own offspring but towards the race itself, those who realize how civilization has again and again been jeopardized by the unrestrained fighting male will initiate a search for the things that have acted as checks to the effective expression of the protective impulse. It seems scarcely necessary to argue the point that a group of persons who have not attained economic independence cannot reach a position of untrammeled influence. He who steals my purse may steal trash, but he who holds the purse strings controls my life. The wisdom of the ages was uttered by a small child, who, witnessing the savage jealousy of a drake in attacking the ducklings of his then indifferent spouse, remarked, as pater familias was captured red-handed, so to speak, in his murderous work and was carried off to prison, "Oh, wouldn't it be awful if we weren't here to lug him away, and my lovely white duck and the ducklings had to eat out of his basin!" Happy spouse, she was free to feed herself and her fledglings!

The point of the story is not subtle, and the world is coming to accept the moral. The last time I saw Theodore Roosevelt to converse with him, he rushed upon this very subject as if his mind were seething with the question. Drawing me aside, he challenged, "What are you women proposing along the line of economic independence for the mother? She does the most important work in the world, and should be financially free." To my assurance that women agreed with him, and were reaching the conclusion that the only way out was through motherhood pensions, he snapped back instantly as if he had gone over the whole ground and had arrived at his conclusion: "That's right. Go ahead. The mother has earned independence. It's not a square deal as it is now."

For some years before the beginning of the Great War women were carrying on a propaganda in Europe in favor of the endowment of motherhood. While the laws passed in some of the states in America took the line of money grants to widows and deserted wives, among the women of Great Britain and Germany a campaign was pushed in favor of recognition of the value to the nation of woman's work as mother. No one who followed the development of this vigorous propaganda carried on by such

women, for instance, as Miss A. Maude Royden, the brilliant preacher of the City Temple in London, and by Miss Eleanor F. Rathbone, member of the City Council in Liverpool, and Frau Lilie Braun, and Frau Henrietta Furth on the continent, can doubt that it had a very real, determining influence in preparing public opinion for the acceptance of the allowances granted to the dependents of soldiers during the Great War. Without exception the leading western nations quickly passed into law, on the outbreak of hostilities, elaborate systems of state allowances to mothers and children. It is too late to cavil about the matter. The endowment of motherhood has been tested in actual experience, and has successfully answered the test. Whether as the wife of soldier or officer, women had a definite money value placed upon their service to the state as mothers in every modern belligerent nation. In addition, the governments endowed every child, and paid that endowment to its mother for expenditure. And one step farther America and every western nation went; the woman who, though not married, had lived in permanent relation with a man, was recognized in state endowments whether they took the name of "insurance," "separation allowance" or "allocation."

The good result of these systems of endowment

were attested by all who had competent knowledge. Sir George Newman, for instance, reported to his government at a time when the separation allowance bore a sound relation to the cost of living that "the evidence from school doctors and the Board's medical inspectors in all parts of the country is to the effect that in 1916 the children were, on the whole, better fed and better clothed than at any time since medical inspection was introduced." At one time there may have been room for doubt as to the advisability of securing to the mother financial independence, but practical experience of the effect of endowment has given proof that the system works benefit to the family. When it can be said that even in a period of war time,* when emotional and economic strain are at their greatest, the endowment of motherhood brought the well-being of children to a higher level than ever before enjoyed, failure to make the system permanent seems a direct injury to civilization.

As the significance of the protective instinct of women breaks upon mankind it will be seen that an endowment of motherhood is not only an assurance

* This refers to the earlier years of the war. After 1916 not only wages but allowances began to lose all sound relation to the increasing cost of living, and there came a time when over whole areas certain sorts of food could not be commanded no matter what the price offered.

of care of the child, but a necessary honoring of maternity itself. The mother of to-morrow will escape from perpetual tutelage. Then and not till then the contributions she is peculiarly fitted to bring gallantly to harbor will not be lost to the world because dependence excludes her from being the steersman of her enterprise. So long as the mother must turn to her mate for support, so long she must reflect his ideas. The mother of the race, with all her fine emotions of sheltering care, comes through dependence, to echo the opinions of the fighting male. Setting her free will well repay the world.

Those who have been advocating endowment of motherhood in Europe promise not only the dignifying of maternity and better care of children through the system, but very practical and definite results for good in industrial life. The prick of her child's need drives many a married woman into the labor market. She wishes to supplement the family income. She aims to add a fraction to the treasury. Wages to support her brood only partially is all she asks. Of course she becomes a ready victim in sweated industry. The way to obviate the danger is not to crib and cabin the woman by legal taboo, but so to recognize her service to the community as to remove from her the temptation of becoming an underpaid drudge

in the workshop rather than an honored pensioner in the home. In discussing the question of the endowment of motherhood with Mrs. Sidney Webb, she pointed out very definitely the principal stumbling-blocks in the way of the adoption of the scheme. She said that while intellectual women are in favor, the "rank and file of working class women know nothing about the plan, or being afraid of men, reflect their objection."

In an interview which followed my talk with Mrs. Webb, with Dr. Marion Phillips of the British Labor Party, I found the reason of Mrs. Webb's statement that "working women know nothing about the plan" of the endowment of motherhood, for I gathered from Dr. Phillips that she and other leaders among the women do not help to enlighten their followers. When I enquired as to her attitude on the question, Dr. Phillips exclaimed, "Motherhood pensions? Oh, working class women do not like the idea of being paid for bearing children," and added that if anything could be said to be "peculiarly a woman's program in the Labor Party the items were—1. Housing. 2. Shorter hours for men. 3. Higher wages for men." She explained the absence of any feminist turn to the platform by the fact that "most of the women in the party were wives fully occupied with

their domestic duties." The lack of catholicity in the representation of women in the British Labor Party can surely easily be explained by the narrowness of the program.

It was like a refreshing breeze to get the point of view of Miss Margaret G. Bondfield of the National Federation of Women Workers, the great trade union of some sixty-five thousand members banded together in sweated industries and in those trades where organization has been slow to take root. She favored limitation of the employment of women during pregnancy but with full wage allowances for time lost, and while urging an eight-hour day for men as well as women, and the elimination of night work so far as possible, spoke with emphasis in favor of the endowment of motherhood.

When I discussed the obstacles in the way of such a pension scheme with Mrs. Sidney Webb, she put her finger on the main cause of opposition. "The man knows that though the family income might rise, his wages would fall, and he does not like to give up his hold on the purse strings." The just recognition of the mother's work would of course establish two sources of family income—the wage of the father and the pension to mother and child. I found it was fully recognized by the powerful groups advocating

endowment that when there is no pension system, the family income bears no relation to the needs of the group, for the wage of the man is not determined by the actual facts of his marital or parental obligation. His wage is the same whether he has one child, five children, or no child at all. In the haggling of the market the man's potential obligation to the future of the race is recognized in a rough and ready way, the standard of wages being gauged by the trade union with a vague reference to the man as the head of a family and its sole supporter. But this standard is so inflexible and unscientific that the very group upon which all civilization rests is not provided for according to its needs. The solution which the endowment of mother and child offers responds, on the contrary, exactly to the family's necessities. Under all the war-time insurance and allowance laws the mother received a definite weekly pension and was given in addition a sum proportionate to the needs of each child. A nation was not regarded as composed of families of one unalterable size, but of ever changing groups of ever changing demands. The contrast in size between family and family, in the present method of regulating wages, is wholly ignored, the bachelor pocketing wages as high as the man who has dependent upon him a family of five or more. It is

true that under a plan of endowment the wage brought in by the man would fall, and that he would lose his complete control of the family purse; but the family income, as a whole, would rise according to its need, and the mother would attain a position of self-respecting independence.

Women stand at the parting of the ways. On the one side the war quickened the development of all the plans making it easier for the married woman to leave the home for paid work. The factories supplied canteens, the municipalities and the state opened central kitchens and restaurants, and both governments and manufacturers established crêches. The crêche at the great arsenal at Puteau just outside Paris encouraged the mother to leave her baby in the care of nurses, not only during the day, but at night also. The babies as a rule when brought to the arsenal Monday morning, were left in the crêche until the close of the working day Saturday. It was said that the mother "worked better if she had not been disturbed by her infant in the night." She probably did, but what she thought of the crêche, the municipal kitchen and all the schemes devised to draw her away from her home was demonstrated at the end of the war. The central kitchens were curtailed if not closed in every part of Europe, as soon as govern-

ments ceased wielding the whip of patriotic duty across the shoulders of women. Many married women, as at Puteau and Thompson-Houston's, even when they continued to work at their war-time occupations, withdrew their patronage from the central kitchens and their babies from the crêche. Women have spoken with an emphasis that can scarcely be misunderstood. The mother will not accept centralized baby care or food service. At the same time it is clear that when it becomes necessary for her to raise the family income to a standard of decency, she will go out to earn a daily wage, making some sort of private arrangement more or less efficient for the upkeep of the home. She is trying single-handed to solve a vast social problem. The community has shifted to her puny shoulders the burden of attempting to expand an income fixed without reference to the size of the family circle. The family suffers through her efforts. She turns her back on the palliatives which society has offered her. In contrast to the plan of crêche and central kitchen stood the endowment scheme. While the former was an unpopular makeshift, of the latter it is said by every well-informed person that under no other system was the child better cared for, and the mother ensured a position of self-reliance and self-respect. Under en-

dowment the protective instinct would have freedom to develop for the benefit of the race. Women seem very definitely to have made their choice, nature evidently set the seal of its approval upon that choice, it now remains for society to act upon those judgments.

It would be to evade knotty points in the problem of energizing the shielding instincts in humanity were emphasis laid entirely upon setting free those impulses in the mother. As a matter of course, all women are in need of the independence which would secure them in the privilege of standing on their own feet, and being themselves. Economic freedom is essential to all human beings, and the functioning of one's energy on work is as necessary to women as to men. When a woman is bearing and caring for her children the supreme value of that work should command recognition by society, but before she enters upon the performance of such duties, and after she has completed this labor, then she, like all human beings, should have definite occupation ensuring her economic independence.

Much of the threat to a high wage standard anticipated by men if women enter a trade would be eliminated were mothers, who stand ready to accept any wage so long as it will supplement the family

income a little, withdrawn from industry by means of endowment. The woman "blackleg" would tend to disappear. But there would remain such items in the count against women workers as their lack of training, and their lack of intention to remain long in a calling. It is a perfectly well-known fact that sound characteristics acquired through training, conscientious and thorough, in any line serve us well wherever we may happen in the end to be placed. A man does not have to have been a carpenter from boyhood up, to be in maturity a good workman in that trade. A few preliminary years at plumbing, if they have been painstaking years, will not spoil him as a carpenter. Nor will the fact of his intention to pass over into the carpentry trade when a certain opening comes to him, spoil his work as a plumber. The man who is destined to succeed as a good workman, is he who does well whatever he has in hand. Certainly in America we have no reason to look askance at people who change their occupations. Many a doctor or lawyer began as one and ended as the other, and both perhaps at some point in their gyroflections were teachers. One of our most distinguished presidents, beginning as a lawyer, cut his eye-teeth, in securing his necessary equipment of knowledge of human nature, on a woman's college,

and rolling through a university of which he was the head, landed, and most successfully, in politics. The old-world proverb, with its implications derogatory of change, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," becomes in the new world, "A rolling stone is no moss-back." The principles and proverbs of men should always lie under the suspicion of women. The theory seems to be that men are to propound them and women to act upon them. It would not be well to reverse the process, that would be too severe upon the sons of Adam. In escaping from fear of change themselves, women must not force men into the folly of the unalterable. All this circumlocution is meant to lead to the assurance that to be a transient in an industry does not imply the ruin of the occupation, the undoing of the worker, or the waste of social wealth. It is a good thing for the future mother to earn her living, to devote herself so completely and intelligently to the work in hand that she becomes self-reliant and attains absolute financial independence. She has heard *ad nauseam* of her disabilities, of the temporary nature of her employment, of the small value of training to her, and how equal pay for equal work cannot be her portion. In the future her leaders and the school will give her a different doctrine. She will hear some robust philosophy:—"The

mothers of men must be strong, if they are not abused, nature makes them so. You are to be given plenty of outdoor exercise, fed as well as a boy. You may not remain always in a gainful pursuit, but you must start in life with knowledge of tools, and intelligent understanding of machinery. You, of all people, must have courage and self-reliance. You must learn solidarity, for you must have the pluck to stand out for the best interests of your child and of the race. You, of all people, must not be meek and groveling. Every bit of sheltering care you feel moving in your heart, you must have courage to bring into the open. You cannot do that, if you are a dependent. Master a trade or profession, such mastery will do two things for you, make you a free human being, and train you in qualities of service in your future work as a mother. Do not listen to the preachment that because you may be a temporary worker you are not worth training for higher grades of work. The abler you become the finer woman you will be, and the greater in worth to society wherever in the future you find yourself. You hold in your hand the future of the world. Will you place yourself so you can be free to give humanity the protective devotion which flows from the deepest emotions of your nature, or through lack of courage will you

assume a place where you must reflect the opinions of those who have quite other contributions to make to civilization?"

During the Great War political enfranchisement has been given to women over a large part of the globe. That at such a time this new power should have been secured to them is full of significance. If women can now reenforce that power by striking off the chains of economic enslavement, they will at last stand prepared to shield humanity from its abnormal impulses toward destruction.

LAST DATE

RETURN TO ⟶ CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT 202 Main Library 26116

LOAN PERIOD 1 HOME USE	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

Renewals and Recharges may be made 4 days prior to the due date.

Books may be Renewed by calling 642-3405.

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

MAR 22 1989

4/22 5/26

MAY 2 9 1989

JUL 13 1991

8/30 9/27 10/26

12/5 1/10 3/10

AUTO. DISC.

FEB 08 1992

CIRCULATION

FORM NO. DD6

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
BERKELEY, CA 94720

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C005265225

470146

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY